

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, Biography, Antiquities, Morals, Manners, the Drama, and Amusements.

Brief Index to the present Number: Address, 1.—Reviews: Janus, or the Edinburgh Literary Almanack, 1.—Song of the Gipsy King, 3; The Reign of Terror, 4; The Sabbath Muse, 8; A Picture of Greece in 1825, 9; Laconics, Parts II. and III., 10; History of the Secret Societies of the Army against Bonaparte, 11.—Original: Facetia, 11; Aerial Machine, 11; The Plague a Contagious Disease, 11.—Original Poetry: Home, 14; The Appeal of Greece to the French, 14.—Fine Arts: Half a Dozen Hints on Domestic Architecture, &c. 14.—The Drama, 15.—Literature and Science: Scientific Views of the President of the United States, 15.—The Bee, 16.

No. 347.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1826.

Price 6d.

ADDRESS.

WHEN, seven years ago, we ventured to establish a critical work, totally independent of every bookseller, some persons laughed at what they deemed our folly, and others were surprised at our temerity. We were determined to make the attempt, conscious that even defeat in such a cause could bring no disgrace. The attempt was made; and we have succeeded in establishing *The Literary Chronicle* on the firm basis of strict and honourable independence. The public has done justice to our efforts by a liberal and constantly-increasing patronage, while even critics have spoken of us in terms so flattering, that we can but allude to the compliment they pay us.*

The Literary Chronicle has now been so long before the public, that we need scarcely do more than refer to it for a development of its plan and principles. The leading feature of the work is the Reviews, and we may at least take credit for our industry, when we state that, in the volume just completed, there are critical and analytical notices of nearly four hundred new works, presenting a better epitome of the actual literature of the year than any cotemporary work. To the Fine and Useful Arts we have not been inattentive, while, with the assistance of our Coadjutors, and the liberal aid of many valued Correspondents, we have presented a mass of Original Articles, in Prose and Poetry, of much interest and variety.

We have not neglected to consider how we may further advance our circulation, and make our labours still more acceptable to the public; we had thought of introducing, in some degree, a smaller type, but have abandoned the idea, being convinced that it is in bad taste to give any thing worth reading in type which fatigues the youthful eye, or is painful to the more practised.

Encouraged by that best stimulus to exertion—success, we shall spare no effort to render *The Literary Chronicle* deserving the continued support of its present patrons, and of the public at large; for, while it forms an agreeable and instructive Miscellany, it annually presents a faithful Record of the Literature, Science, and Arts of the year.

* Vide Philomathic Journal, No. 7.

REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

Janus; or, The Edinburgh Literary Almanack. Post 8vo. pp. 542. Edinburgh, 1826. Oliver and Boyd.

JANUS!—Now, by our pen, a book with a more auspicious title could not have presented itself for the commencement of our annual labours, or with which to make our new-year's bow to our readers! The remainder of its designation may lead many to suppose that it is one of those tasty, well-dressed, little gilt-edged tomes, which seem made expressly to be carried in a young lady's reticule, or to repose on the cushions of a drawing room sofa. It possesses, however, no other external recommendations than those of excellent paper and printing; but, if not so showy and pretty as some of its predecessors, it has other, and, in our estimation, superior and more permanent, attractions.

The editor has not, indeed, garnished out his banquet with graphic flowers—he has given us no plates; yet he has provided for us a number of excellent and substantial dishes, which, after all, are certainly the *sine qua non*s and more important parts of a feast. His bill of fare exhibits a variety of good solid articles, which we may ruminate and digest at our leisure, and many lighter ones, by way of dessert.

To speak without metaphor, this volume may justly be characterized as a literary miscellany of a superior description, in which essays on subjects of information and instruction are pleasingly intermixed with others of a more amusive cast. A mere volume of tales, unless very excellent indeed, seldom excites any farther interest after it is once perused; but in this collection most of the pieces will bear to be read more than once, which, as things go, is really saying no little in its praise, when we see what frothy, frivolous articles are admitted into our best periodicals. And this being the case, we are somewhat surprised at the strict anonymousness of the writers, none of the articles having any signature,—which, by the by, is not exactly in the genuine pocket-book style; for in those publications the writer of a single stanza does not care to withhold his name from the public.

‘But,’ perhaps some of our readers will exclaim, ‘does this double-faced rogue of a Janus entertain us with such substantial reading as articles on political economy, the bullion question, the combination laws? another controversy on Pope? dissertations on hieroglyphics, or the course of the Niger? an essay on Mosaical geology, or any of the other fashionable *ologies* of the day?’ No, really this volume contains nothing so alarming, although it certainly does embrace some

papers of rather a didactic nature; among which we may class Hints concerning the Universities; On the Rise and Decline of Nations; On the Prime Objects of Government; Antipathies; Brown on Beauty; The Crusaders—Chivalry—Fiction; Observations on the Study of History; The Influence of Luxury on Religion; &c. Next to these we may place some shorter pieces, consisting of gnomic sentences and maxims, which may be regarded as the essence and compendiums of philosophy; viz., Maxims from Goethe; Leaves; and Old Freezeland Proverbs. Among the more miscellaneous and satirical articles are Thoughts on Bores, Medals, and Pins. Neither is there any lack of interesting and ably-written sketches and narratives: Napoleon; Glasgow Revisited; Alischar and Smaragdine; (one of the tales of the Thousand and One Nights lately recovered in Egypt by M. von Hammer;) Saturday Night in the Manse; Daniel Cathie, Tobaccoist; The Bohemian Gardener; Miles Atherton; &c. The Thoughts on Bores is a very amusing article, replete with pleasantry and shrewd wit: after describing many of the species—the parliamentary bore, the travelling bore, &c. the writer gives us the portrait of a female blue bore:—

‘This species was formerly rare in Britain—indeed all over the world—little known or coveted from the days of Aspasia and Corinna to those of Mesdames Dacier, Montagu, and Jerningham. Mrs. Jerningham’s blue worsted stockings, as all the world knows, appearing at Mrs. Montagu’s *conversazioni*, had the honour or the dishonour of giving the name of blue stockings to all the race; and never did race increase more rapidly than they have done from that time to this. They have multiplied, as they would perhaps say themselves, in geometrical, not in arithmetical progression. There might be fear that all the daughters of the land should turn blue, but that here again John Bull, with his sturdy good sense, and a touch of humour too, for which he is famous, and which has often bestood him, settles the matter quietly thus:—“If they do not get husbands, you know there’s an end of them.”

‘John Bull luckily still keeps his right of speaking first. As yet, thank Heaven, he retains his really old privilege of “Choose a wife and have a wife.”

‘The common female blue bore is, indeed, intolerable as a wife—opinionative and opinionated; and her opinion always is, that her husband’s opinion is wrong. John certainly has a rooted aversion to this whole class. There is the deep blue and the light; the light blues not esteemed—not admitted at Almack’s. The deep-dyed ingrain—the

nine nine-times-dyed blue—is that with which no man dares contend. The blue chatterer is seen and heard every where; it no man will attempt to silence by throwing the handkerchief.

The next species—the mock blue—is scarcely worth noticing; gone to ladies' maids, dress-makers, milliners, &c.; found of late behind counters, and in the oddest places!

The blue mocking-bird (it must be noted, though nearly allied to the last sort,) is found in high as well as in low company; it is a provoking creature. The only way to silence it, and to prevent it from plaguing all neighbours and passengers is, never to mind it, nor to look as if you minded it. When it stares at you, stare, and pass on.

The *conversazione* blue, or *bureau d'esprit* blue. It is remarkable, that to designate this order, we are obliged to borrow from two foreign languages—a proof it is not natural to England; but numbers of this order are found of late years, chiefly in London and Bath, during the season. The *bureau d'esprit*, or *conversazione* blue, is a most hard-working creature—the most abused and the worst paid of all the retainers of the public. She is the servant of the servants of the public—of all actors and actresses, authors and authoresses, lions and lionesses, odd people of all sorts, foreign princes and princesses, Jews, Turks, and Christians. She must feed and flatter the infidels; and, though she does not clothe, she must admire the clothes of all the Christians, (females especially,) as well as their wit. If of the higher order—if a dinner-giving blue—and none others succeed well or long—champagne and ice, and the best of fish, indispensable. She may then be at home once a week in the evening, with a chance of having her house fuller than it can hold of all the would-be wits, and three or four of the leaders in London; and very thankful she must be for the honour of their company. She must have an assortment of fibs by the dozen, and compliments by the gross;—she had need to have all the superlatives in and out of the English language at her tongue's end; and, when she has exhausted these, then she must invent new;—she must have tones of admiration and looks of ecstasy for every occasion. At reading parties, especially at her own house, she must cry, "Charming!—Delightful!—Quite original!" in the right places, in her sleep. When she sees a great lion, she must never run away: she may scream with delight; she must be ready to devour him; she ought to fall down and worship him: but of this more hereafter, when we come to the lion-lover proper.

She must read every thing that comes out that has a name, or she must talk as if she had, at her peril, to the authors themselves—the irritable race! She must know more, especially, every article in the *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews*, and, at her peril too, must talk of these so as not to commit herself, so as to please the reviewer abusing and the author abused: she must keep the peace between rival wits; she must swallow her own vanity. Many fail in this last attempt, or choke publicly, and give it up.

'Tis an excessively ill-natured libel,' exclaims some lady, rather indignantly: 'I'll read no more.' Then, madam, you will miss a good hearty laugh; only see how we he-creatures are treated:—

There are almost as many male blues as female, and as many male blue bores as female, which every body knows who is acquainted with London life. Are they not met with as constantly at *conversaciones*, and more frequently at dinner parties? The male blue is also equally subject with the female to the weakness of being ashamed to seem what he is, and of desiring to appear what he is not; and this has been so from time immemorial. To go no farther back than the case, which every body knows, of Voltaire versus Congreve. When Congreve was angry and affronted, because Voltaire visited him as being a celebrated author, and talked of being a gentleman, and not an author, what was he, with all his wit, but a blue bore disguised? And Pope, with all his too, and all his judgment—rare alliance!—moreover, the poet of Reason, if ever there was one—he had a touch of this weakness too. What else was his ostentatious hatred of lords and the great, and his ostentatious living with them all the time? What was his eternal mocking at garetteers, and twitting them with their small beer? And then so much about his grotto at Twickenham; and, "Gods! was I born for nothing but to write?" Was he not, though proud as an author, prouder as a gentleman? Had he flourished in our days, assuredly Pope would have been a *renegado* blue—a blue disguised—bore he could not have been.

In our times, how many odd disguises they do take who fear to be detected as bits of blue! The higher the station—the graver the profession—the more aristocratic the man—the more this fear increases. To throw off the odium—to avoid the hard impeachment—a lofty minister of state will dance till he crack the *tendo* Achilles;—a grave divine will turn jockey or dog-breaker;—a learned lawyer, bird-fancier; a *chargé d'affaires*, or ambassador extraordinary, ballad-singer, or what you will;—men of sense and talents—ay, pre eminent talents—will turn into fiddlers, buffoons, huntsmen, fishermen, epicures, coxcombs, fools—fools! yes, believe me, they will talk like absolute fools, lest you should suspect them of being men of sense, or call them blues.

All this is admirable, yet it is surpassed, we think, by the following portrait:—

I am come to the class of the infant bore—the infant-reciting bore—seemingly insignificant, but exceeding tiresome, also exceeding dangerous, as I shall show. In due season it turns into infinite varieties of the dramatic—reading, writing, and acting; the musical—singing and instrumental; and that great pest of conversation—the everlasting-quotation-loving bore.

Including all these orders and varieties, and computing the morn and evening of their day, I doubt whether any other class has it altogether more in their power to annoy us at home and abroad. The old of this class, and those of mature age, we meet wherever

we go; in the forum, the temple, the senate, the theatre, the drawing-room, the *boudoir*, the closet. The young infest our homes—pursue us to our very hearths; our household deities are in league with them; by our wives are they abetted, and trained to be our daily tormentors.

Petty tormentors, weak agents though they be, yet they have power to distract us at our business, disturb us in our pleasures, interrupt all our conversation, destroy all our domestic comfort; and beyond, far beyond all this, they become public nuisances, widely destructive to our literature. Their mode of training will explain the nature of the danger.

The infant-reciting bore is trained much after the manner of the learned pig. Before the quadruped are placed, on certain bits of dirty greasy cards, the letters of the alphabet, or short nonsensical phrases interrogatory, with their answers; such as, "Who is the greatest rogue in company?"—"Which lady or gentleman in company will be married first?" By the alternate use of blows, and bribes of such food as please the pigs, the animal is brought to obey certain signs from his master, and at his bidding to select any letter or phrase required, from among those set before him—goes to his lessons—seems to read attentively, and to understand; then, by a motion of his snout, or a well-timed grunt, designates the right phrase, and answers the expectations of his master and the company. The infant-reciter is, in similar manner, trained by alternate blows and bribes—(almonds and raisins, and bumpers of sweet wine, most frequently,) sometimes the latter to intoxication; but no matter, he is carried off to bed, and there is an end of that. But mark the difference between him and the pig—instead of the greasy letters and old cards which are used for the learned pig, before the little human animal are cast the finest morsels from our first authors, selections from our poets, didactic, pathetic, and sublime—every creature's best sacrificed!

These are to be slowly but surely deprived of spirit, sense, and life, by the deadly deadening power of iteration. Not only are they deprived of life, but mangled by the infant bore—not only mangled, but polluted—left in such a state that no creature of any delicacy, taste, or feeling, can bear them afterwards. And are immortal works, or works which fond man thought and called immortal, thus to perish? Thus are they doomed to destruction by a Lilliputian race of Vandals!

The curse of Minerva be on the heads of those who train, who incite them to such sacrilegious mischief! The mischief spreads every day wide and more wide. Till of late years there had appeared bounds to its progress. Nature seemed to have provided against the devastations of the infant reciter. Formerly it seemed that only those whom she had blessed or cursed with a wonderful memory could be worth the trouble of training, or by the successful performance of the feats desired, to pay the labour of instruction. But there has arisen in the land men who set at naught the decrees of Nature, who le-

vel her distinctions, who undertake to make artificial memories, not only equal but superior to the best natural memory, and who at the shortest notice undertake to supply the brainless with brains. By certain technical helps, long passages, whole poems, may now be learned *by heart*, as they call it, without any aid, effort, or cognizance of the understanding; and retained and recited, under the same circumstances, by any irrational as well and better than by any rational being—if to recite well mean to repeat without missing a single syllable. How far our literature may in future suffer from these blighting swarms, will best be conceived by a glance at what they have already withered and blasted of the favourite productions of our most popular poets—Gray, Goldsmith, Thomson, Pope, Dryden, Shakspeare, Milton.

This is, upon the whole, one of the most clever satires of the kind we ever read; and, although the writer modestly signs himself A Bore, we cannot allow that he at all resembles one. Among the poetical pieces, the following has much gaiety and liveliness:—

SONG OF THE GIPSY KING.

(From the German.)

'Tis I am the Gipsy King,
And where is the king like me?
No trouble my dignities bring;
No other is half so free.
In my kingdom there is but one table,
All my subjects partake in my cheer;
We would all have Champagne were we able;
As it is, we have plenty of beer;
And 'tis I am the Gipsy King.

'A king, and a true one, am I;
No courtiers nor ministers here;
I see every thing with my own eye,
And hear every thing with my own ear.
No conspiracies I apprehend,
Among brothers and equals I rule;
We all help both to gain and to spend,
And get drunk when the treasury's full;
And 'tis I am the Gipsy King.

'I confess that I am but a man,
My failings who pleases may know;
I am fond of my girl and my can,
And jolly companions a-rowe.
My subjects are kind to me,
They don't grudge me the largest glass,
Nor yet that I hold on my knee,
At this moment, the prettiest lass;
For 'tis I am the Gipsy King.

'Ne'er a king do I envy, nor keyser,
That sits on a golden throne,
And I'll tell you the reason why, sir,—
Here's a sceptre and ball of my own.
To sit all the night through in a crown,
I've a notion mine ears 'twould freeze;
But I pull my old night cap down,
And tiddle and smoke at my ease;
For 'tis I am the Gipsy King.

As a specimen of the shorter satirical pieces, the following appears to us to possess much ingenuity and point; the idea might certainly have been much more expanded; but, if we may employ a quotation proscribed by our entertaining bore—*Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire*:—

MEDALS, OR OBVERSES AND REVERSES.

'In like manner as our Janus possesses two faces, so does almost every thing else in the world present two aspects under which it may be viewed,—the one brilliant and at-

tractive, the other gloomy and terrifying. *Ogni medaglio ha il suo reverso*, says the Italian proverb,—every medal has its reverse,—a remark that applies to both men and things; for what character is so illustrious as not to have its shadowed side? What so totally dark as not to exhibit a few light spots? or what so perfect as to be productive of no abuse?—so evil as to be mitigated by no concomitant alleviation? Let us therefore examine a few of our medals on both sides. To do so may afford us some amusement, and perhaps a little instruction too.

'Gold.—How many virtues does this metal possess!—how many comforts and gratifications does it procure!—how many defects does it not conceal!—It endues even the weakest mortal with the strength of a hundred hands; provides for him the luxuries of every clime; secures for him on all sides homage and admiration. What though nature, like a malignant stepmother, has denied him her most ordinary gifts? this gift of fortune amply avenges him for her neglect, and he sees himself the object of universal regard and envy. Could gold secure but mere sensual indulgence—pamper only the body—the philosopher might scorn it; but it obtains also for its possessor the attention of the wise, the smiles of the beautiful. It is the key that opens to him the gates of the proud and the great,—the magic talisman that transports him wherever he wishes, and becomes whatever he wills;—it enables man to succour misfortune, to relieve distress, and to be to his fellow-creatures a benevolent genius. No wonder, then, that mortals adore in their hearts a metal of such admirable potency, and superior in its effects to all the enchantments and charms that romance has fabled.

'Let us, however, cast a glance at the reverse. Alas! how numerous are the crimes to which gold has given birth! It has bribed the betrayer of his country; it has hired the sword of the assassin; it has paid woman the price of her infamy and shame; it has sometimes even warped the scales of justice, and has purchased for guilt the title of virtue. What is there so precious that mortals will not sacrifice it to this idol? Liberty, independence, honour, affection, health of body and peace of mind, love of country and love of kindred, are all offered up to it by turns. Sleepless nights, days of unceasing toil, are submitted to for the sake of gold; it is the ready pander of vice, the insidious foe to virtue.

'War.—When we gaze upon the obverse, we perceive only the pomp and sublimity which the poet and historian have conferred upon this pursuit. We admire the generous enthusiasm of combatants, the pageant of the tented field; we hear only the spirit-stirring trumpet, the clang of arms, and the shouts of victory. Hurried away by enthusiasm, we involuntarily bow before the chariot of the conqueror, and join in the general acclamation. The successful warrior is seen standing like a demi-god, crowned by immortality and glory.

'But what a frightful contrast does the other side of the medal offer to us!—There

the victor seems a destroying angel sent to exterminate his fellow-creatures, spreading desolation and misery, and carrying servitude and oppression wherever he directs his course, while ten thousand nameless horrors follow in his train.

'Glory, Fame, Immortality;—these are the words inscribed on our third medal; and our bosoms thrill with pride when we contemplate the generous and noble actions which they have inspired: they recall to us the names of those who have generously devoted their lives and their talents to the service of the human race,—who have laboured for the weal of remote posterity. Yes; well do such characters deserve that their memories should be honoured with every testimony of regard that gratitude can bestow. Mankind are only just when they thus bestow on their benefactors the attributes of more than human power, and repeat their names from age to age. Surely to this medal there can be no reverse; yet let us turn it, and we shall perceive that infamy, too, possesses its immortality, and that with an almost incredible fatuity men have agreed to bestow admiration on actions that merit only abhorrence or contempt; thus casting a false splendour over successful crime. The name of a Nero is as secure from oblivion as that of a Titus; an Achilles or an Alexander more known and honoured than a Howard or a Sharp. Impartially examine the characters of those on whom the world has bestowed the epithets of illustrious and great, and how few among them will you discover either estimable or amiable! Nay, we shall too often detect in this number those who, while they arrogantly aspired to be deemed superior to the rest of their species, exhibited more than human weaknesses, with vices truly diabolical. As used by the generality of mankind, glory and infamy, celebrity and disgrace, are but too frequently synonymous.

'It would be more tedious, perhaps, than instructive, were we to examine all our medals in detail, and scrutinize them one by one. We will now, therefore, content ourselves with a more cursory glance at some of the others, which we shall take up at random; and here we have one on whose obverse is a figure of Hymen, with the motto—"Conjugal Felicity;" and surely we could not have pitched upon a happier omen for a new-year's wish. And does this also, like the rest, some fair reader may perhaps inquire, possess a fatal reverse?—it cannot be. Perhaps, then, we had better not turn it; but incredulity and curiosity prevail, and we read with grief and astonishment—Indifference, Contempt, Disgust, and Doctor's Commons.

'This medal, which shows on one side the golden age, represented by a group of nymphs and youths, crowned with flowers, and dancing beneath the shade of a spreading tree, exhibits on the other a parcel of naked savages leaping and grinning—to say nothing of other circumstances that do not tell greatly to the advantage of unsophisticated nature, or display it exactly in the same colours as poetry does. Let us turn this other, on which is inscribed—"The Good Old Times," and

"The Wisdom of our Ancestors," and we shall perceive the curfew bell,—ordained by fire and water,—a preux chevalier, in person and manners not much unlike a modern butcher, and unable to write his own name,—superstition, monkery, priestcraft, and witchcraft,—Torquemada and the Inquisition,—Queen Mary and her Smithfield faggots,—the female Nero, Catherine de Medici,—Rodrigo Borgia, with the style of Vicegerent of Christ and Successor of St. Peter,—the pious Defender of the Faith, our Second Charles, with his Mahometan seraglio,—and sundry other ever-to-be-regretted blessings and characteristics of by-gone times. Then hie thee to yon old grand-dame, who is so pathetically descanting on the wickedness of the present age, and bid her use it as a comment on modern degeneracy.

'Of this medal one side bears for its motto—"The god like Healing A," while the other shows Dr. Eady and a death-head. Here is law, "the perfection of reason," and in theory most excellent; but for the practice of it we must turn to the reverse. This medal of rural innocence and happiness, so delightfully portrayed by poets, who, like our portrait painters, possess the talent of keeping down all the deformities of their originals, or converting them into actual beauties,—has a *per contra* of game laws and poachers,—the interior of a rustic alehouse,—two or three village-attorneys,—a cottage filled with dirty ragged brats, cycled by the courtesy of pastoral writers and dealers in namby-pamby, "rosy-checked cherubs;" with many other sundries far more pleasing and edifying in verse than in matter-of-fact prose. Here we perceive English liberty backed by an English watchman; there English morality, by the details and police reports of an English newspaper; and there again national industry and the prosperity of our manufactures, by swarms of artisans' children, condemned to unremitting toil within the pestilential and demoralizing atmosphere of a crowded factory—a place to be paralleled only by the horrors of a slave-ship.

'Every medal, in short, that we can take up in our whole collection, however fair the type and impress it bears on one side, presents some disagreeable contrast, some antithetical and accompanying evil, on the other. Yet wisdom, like the prudent Janus, will look steadfastly on both, that it may, as far as human prudence can do, erase that which is bad, while it improves that which is good. It is folly only that looks without further examination on merely the fairest side of things, and then exclaims that nothing can be better, or that nothing has been worse, than it now is. With regard, too, to the characters of men, adulation dwells only on the fair side, detraction on the reverse; but discrimination and impartiality will examine both, and be deceived by neither.'

We here take our leave of this volume for the present, but shall certainly return to it next week. Though no signatures mark the respective articles, many of them are evidently the productions of men of superior talents, and we have heard some of the most eminent writers of the day named as contributors.

The Reign of Terror; a Collection of Authentic Narratives of the Horrors committed by the Revolutionary Government of France under Marat and Robespierre. Written by Eye-Witnesses of the Scenes. Translated from the French. Interspersed with Biographical Notices of Prominent Characters, and Curious Anecdotes, illustrative of a Period without its Parallel in History. 2 vols. 8vo. pp. 1053. London, 1826. Simpkin and Marshall.

THE French Revolution is one of those events which, in the extraordinary incidents it presents, surpasses all the fictions of modern imagination, and keeps in countenance the fabled romances of antiquity. We who have lived at the period, and know the excesses that were actually committed during its progress, can vouch for their authenticity; but it would be to anticipate more credulity in a future age, than we are willing to confess we have in regard to the past, to expect even that our narratives of that great event, authentic as they are, will be credited. Who will believe that in a few months the current of public opinion should run in a diametrically opposite direction; that, in two or three years, the whole state of society should be changed? Yet such was the case in France during the Revolution. But why do we talk of public opinion or society undergoing an alteration, when even human nature itself seemed to have changed its character; and all the ties of friendship and affection were burst asunder. Men who had sat at the same table and drank of the same cup, not only denounced each other as traitors,—and such a denunciation was a certain pass to the guillotine,—but they made a merit of their treachery, and boasted of it as a virtue.

The Reign of Terror, and aptly was the period so named, extended from the 31st of May, 1792, to the 9th Thermidor, the 27th of July, 1794, when Robespierre and Marat bathed every province of France in blood—innocent blood. 'At that period,' as is well-observed in the preface to this work, 'virtue and nobility were certain titles to proscription or the guillotine; debtors paid their debts by denouncing their creditors; criminals punished by the law denounced their prosecutors and judges; heirs denounced those whose fortunes would descend to them; husbands found it a commodious way of getting rid of their wives, and children denounced their parents.'

Thank God, one crime was wanting in this black catalogue of iniquity, 'no parent denounced his child'—a proof this, how much stronger parental than filial affection is; indeed, the Scriptures, in adducing proofs of affection, seem to think this the strongest, when it is said, 'Can a mother forget her sucking child?' What a lesson does this very fact teach the young: the parent owes nothing but his duty to his child—while the latter is indebted for his very existence, and, in short, almost every thing that ought to make gratitude the most sacred of all obligations to his parents; but, although sins of a dye, so deep as that of a child sending a parent to the scaffold, were committed during the French Revolution, yet there were

instances of virtue of a very different cast; need we mention the case of Mademoiselle de Cazotte throwing herself between her father and the pike of his assassin, or that of the daughter of M. de Sombreuil, who, to save a father, consented to the inhuman and brutal exaction of drinking a cup of human blood, reeking hot from the wounds of a newly-murdered victim; the affection of the Grecian daughter surpassed not this, and we can only attribute it to a few instances of such virtue, that Paris, like the cities of old, was not destroyed for its crimes.

It may, perhaps, be said, the French Revolution is well known; much, however, we are persuaded, still remains to be developed: it is but an event of yesterday, and though few—very few of the prominent actors remain,—for the guillotine did its dreadful office on most of them, yet there are many persons living who would be affected by the revelations which remain to be made. Nor is the Revolution to be considered as an epoch whose embers are even now burnt out; on the contrary, its effects will be felt for ages, and it will stand marked, in future annals, as one of the most extraordinary events that history, sacred or profane, ancient or modern, records.

This may, perhaps, seem a long exordium to introduce *The Reign of Terror*, which consists of a series of twenty or thirty narratives, written by individuals whose hair-breadth escapes enabled them to detail their own sufferings, and the horrors of which they were eye-witnesses. This they are allowed, in these volumes, to do in their own language, by which means we have an expression of feeling, and an earnestness in the record, which no mere historian could impart; indeed, each of these narratives forms a document highly interesting in itself, and valuable as contributing to the history of a period and an event so important as the French Revolution. The Reign of Terror presents some of the most striking instances of courage, affection, presence of mind, sensibility, and resignation, on record; and although there may be an apparent sameness in some of the statements, yet we are much mistaken if they will not be read with intense interest.

The Reign of Terror commences with St. Meard's Agony of Thirty Eight Hours, and concludes with the Duchess d'Angouleme's affecting account of the treatment of the royal family, which she wrote in the prison of the Temple. It includes a variety of affecting narratives, which are illustrated by notes biographical and historical; perhaps these might have been extended; and had they been prefaced with a brief view of the French Revolution, up to the period when the Reign of Terror commences, it would have been more complete: it is, however, a valuable work, and can scarcely fail of attracting considerable notice.

Reserving for a future number, a general notice of the narratives of which this work is composed, we shall give an abridged account of the events at the Temple, from the 13th of August, 1792, to the death of Louis the Seventeenth, on the 9th of June, 1795, which is a very affecting relation certainly.

It was on the 13th of August, 1792, at seven o'clock in the evening, that the good Louis, accompanied by his family, arrived at the Temple, where no preparation whatever had been made for their reception; the consequence of which was, that Madame Elizabeth, the sister of the king, was obliged to sleep in the kitchen, with Madame de Navarre, her *femme de chambre*. The persons who shared this confinement with the royal family, were the Princess de Lamballe, Madame de Tourzel, and her daughter Pauline, Messieurs Hue and Chamilly, Mesdames St. Brice and Thibaut, and three men attendants on the king, of the names of Turgu, Chretien, and Marchant. Few as these attendants were, the royal family had not been two days in the prison, before a decree of the commune was brought there, ordering their immediate removal; the execution of this order, however, on the remonstrance of the king and queen, was suspended. The royal family passed the day together, and their studies were not neglected; the king taught the dauphin—hapless youth! a lesson in geography; the queen made him read some pages of history and learn some verses, and the good aunt gave him a lesson in arithmetic; their remaining leisure hours, the king spent in the library, and the queen in working embroidery.

On the night of the 13th of August, a second decree of the commune was brought to the Temple, ordering the removal of every person not of the royal family, and even the Princess Lamballe, who was of the blood royal, was torn away. The next morning, they learned that the ladies, of whose return they had been assured, had been sent to the prison of La Force. Hue returned, after an examination before the council-general of the commune. The royal family walked every day in the garden, but the king was always certain to be insulted by the guard; and, 'on the anniversary of St. Louis, so early as seven o'clock in the morning, the air of *Ca Ira* was sung in a loud voice, under the windows of the Temple; nor were these the only indignities the royal family suffered; the duchess, in her relation, says,—

'My father was now no longer addressed by the title of king; nor was the slightest demonstration of respect shown him; he was never addressed as sire, or your majesty, but simply Monsieur or Louis. The municipal officers remained constantly seated in his chamber, and never thought it necessary to take their hats off in his presence; they took his sword from him, and searched his pockets. Petion sent Clery, who had been attached to the personal service of my father, to wait upon him, and also sent as turnkey the horrible man who forced in the door of my father's apartment, on the 20th of June, 1792, and who was on the point of murdering him. This man never left the tower for a moment, and put every thing he possibly could invent into practice, for the purpose of tormenting my father. He sometimes amused himself with singing, in our presence, the song of *La Carmagnole*, and several other songs of the same description; and, at another time, knowing that my mother

had a great objection to the smell of tobacco, he blew a puff of smoke into her's and my father's faces, as he passed near them. He was always sure to be in his bed at the hour we went to supper, because it was necessary for us to pass through his room, and he even frequently went to bed as we were going to our dinner. There was no sort of insult or disgusting treatment that he did not invent for our annoyance. My father endured it all with mildness, and pardoned the unworthy man from the bottom of his heart. As for my mother, she supported his repeated insults with a calm dignity which frequently awed him into respect.—The garden was full of labourers, who constantly insulted my father; and one of them went so far as to exclaim in his presence, that he wished he could have an opportunity of striking off the queen's head with the spade he held in his hand. These insults redoubled on the 2nd of September, which we were at a loss to account for. Stones were thrown from the neighbouring windows at my father, but they fortunately did not reach him.'

A ruffian, of the municipality, named Mathieu, went still farther in his insults, and the wretched rabble without studied every means to afflict the royal family; they went so far as to hold up to the window of their prison the head of the murdered Princess of Lamballe, but the municipal officer on guard in the room having some share of humanity in his composition, spared them the horror, by drawing the curtains:—

'The tumult lasted until five o'clock. We learned that the mob had wanted to force in the doors, and that the municipals had prevented them by placing a tri-coloured scarf across the entrance, but that they were at length prevailed upon to allow six of the murderers to make the round of our prison with the head of Madame de Lamballe paraded on a pike, but on condition that they should leave the remainder of their band without the gates. On this deputation entering the court, Rocher broke out into a vociferous shout of joy on seeing the head of Madame de Lamballe, and scolded a young man who was taken ill through horror at the sight of so dreadful a spectacle. The tumult was scarcely subsided, when Petion, instead of endeavouring to stop the massacre, with perfect coolness, sent his secretary to my father, to settle some accounts of money.'

'It would be impossible to convey an idea of the scenes that constantly took place, both among the municipal officers and the troops on guard: the slightest thing alarmed them, so guilty were their own consciences. One day a man happened to fire off a gun, for the purpose of trying it, in the interior of the prison; he was immediately taken up and examined, and a regular *procès-verbal* was drawn up of the circumstances. On another occasion, in the middle of their supper, the guard were called to arms; it was said that the enemy had made their appearance: the dreadful Rocher, on hearing this report, took up a large sabre, and cried out to my father, in a tone of insulting determination—"If they come, I kill you." The whole affair,

however, turned out to be a mere confusion among the patrols.'

Every species of cruelty that the most wanton malignity could invent were practised towards the royal family; the newspapers were taken from them, in order to prevent their knowing what was going on outside:—

'One day they brought a paper to my father, saying that it contained some very interesting news. Horrid to relate, the passage they alluded to was one where it was said that they would make a cannon-ball of the head of Louis! The calm and contemptuous silence of my father completely defeated the cruel designs of those who showed him this diabolical paper. A few evenings after, a municipal officer, who was appointed to our guard, addressed us, on entering our apartment, in the most insulting and menacing language, and repeated what had been already frequently said to us, that we should every one of us be instantly put to death if the enemy approached the capital. He added, that the fate of my brother alone excited his compassion, but that he was doomed to die, as he was the son of a tyrant. Such were the scenes to which my family was daily exposed.'

The republic was established on the 22nd of September, and at the beginning of October, the royal family were deprived of the use of pens, ink, paper, and pencils, which were searched for in every possible place, even with unnecessary rigour, the queen and her daughter, however, succeeded in concealing their pencils. The next step was to separate the king from his family, except at meals, and then their conversation was not to be in a low voice or foreign language, but so as to be heard, and in good French. The *Cordon Rouge* was torn from the king in the rudest manner; the dauphin was roused from his sleep with as little delicacy as you would stir a lion from his slumber merely to identify him. Frequently the populace assembled around the Temple, calling for the head of the king and queen, and such was the state of ferocity to which the French had arrived, that there were thousands ready to become murderers and regicides. Some of the most attached attendants, who had been permitted, with some interruptions, to be with the royal family, were removed; all knives, scissors, and sharp-edged instruments taken away, and even the dishes that were served up, were carefully tasted.

On the 11th of December, the good Louis was, at a very short notice, summoned to appear before the convention, where his courage, mildness, and benevolence would have excited pity and admiration every where but in France; the royal family were naturally on thorns during his absence, and even on his return, the queen was not permitted to see him; the dauphin remained in her apartment, and slept in her bed, while she sat up the whole night. Even the children were refused permission to see their father, except on the unnatural condition of being thenceforth separated from their mother—hell-kites as they were, they had no children, or had ceased to possess the feelings of parents.

When Louis demanded the assistance of counsel, and they were granted, he was obliged to take them into an adjoining turret, to prevent being overheard; on St. Stephen's day, the king made his will, being apprehensive that he would be assassinated on his way to the convention:—

At length, on the 18th of January, the day on which the sentence was passed, the municipal authorities entered the king's apartment at eleven o'clock, and stated that they had received orders not to lose sight of him for a moment. He asked if his fate was decided: they replied that it was not. The following morning M. de Malesherbes announced to him that his sentence was pronounced;—"But, sire," added he, "the wretches who condemned you are not yet masters, and all the good men of the nation will crowd around your majesty to save you, or perish at your feet." "M. de Malesherbes," said my father, "that would compromise the safety of many, and would be the means of introducing civil war into Paris; I prefer death to such an alternative. I pray you to order them, in my name, to make no attempt whatsoever to save me; the king of France never dies."

The royal family only learnt the sentence of the king from the hawkers crying the decree of the convention under the windows of the palace:—

At seven o'clock in the evening we were permitted to see him, by virtue of a decree of the convention; we rushed down stairs to his apartment, and found him greatly changed. He wept through grief on our account, and not through fear of his approaching end; he related the particulars of his trial to my mother, and made excuses for the wretches who sentenced him to death: he repeated to her that it had been proposed to have recourse to the primary assemblies, but that he had opposed the measure, through fear of throwing the state into disorder. He afterwards gave religious instructions to my brother, and exhorted him, above all things, to pardon those who caused his death, and then gave his blessing to him and to me. My mother was earnest in her entreaties to have us all allowed to pass the night with my father; but he opposed our doing so with gentle firmness, and represented to my mother the importance of his being left in tranquillity. She then asked his permission to come at least and see him the next morning; this he granted her, but, the moment we had left him, he told the guards not to allow us again down stairs, as our presence caused him too much pain and agitation. He then remained for some time with his confessor, retired to rest at midnight, and slept until five o'clock, when he was awoke by the beating of the drum. At six o'clock the Abbé Edgeworth said mass, at which my father received the holy sacrament. About nine o'clock he set out from the Temple, and, on descending the staircase, he handed his will to one of the municipal officers, to whom he also confided a sum of money that M. de Malesherbes had brought him, which he requested the officer to return to that gentleman; instead of which, the municipal officers

divided it among them.—Meeting, on his passage through the tower, a turnkey whom he had reprimanded rather sharply the day before, he said to him, "Mathieu, I am sorry for having offended you." He read the prayers of the dying on his way to the place of execution; and on ascending the scaffold, he endeavoured to address the people, but Santerre prevented him, by ordering the drum to be beat: the few words he had time to say were heard only by a few persons. He then undressed himself without assistance, and his hands were tied with his own handkerchief. At the moment when his spirit left his body, the abbé exclaimed, "Son of St. Louis, ascend to Heaven!"

He received his death-stroke on the 21st of January, 1793, at ten minutes after ten o'clock in the morning. Thus died Louis the Sixteenth, King of France, at the age of thirty-nine years, five months, and three days, after a reign of eighteen years, and an imprisonment of five months and eight days.

Revenge, it might have been thought, would be gratified by such a victim as the king; but no, the poor queen and her family were still kept in prison—still insulted—the apartments and person of the beautiful but unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and her children were searched, and even a hat belonging to Louis XVI. which Madame Elizabeth had kept as a relic, was torn from her. The poor Dauphin, or Louis XVII. we might now call him, was ill, but it was long ere a physician was allowed to attend him. Wretches in a state of intoxication visited the prison, as if some new mode of insult was necessary:—

On the 3rd of July, a decree of the Convention was ordered to be read to us, ordering that my brother should be separated from us, and lodged in the most secure apartment in the tower. Scarcely had he heard this dreadful warrant, than he threw himself into my mother's arms, uttered the most piercing cries, and supplicated and entreated they would not separate him from her. On her part, my poor mother was completely overcome at this cruel stroke; she persisted in her refusal to give up my brother, and defended, against the municipal officers, the bed on which she had laid him. The latter, being resolved to listen to no persuasions, threatened to use violence, and to call up the guard. My mother answered that they might do as they wished, but that they should kill her before they should tear her child from her: an entire hour passed in this manner, in tears, cries, supplications, and refusals, on our part, and threats and menaces on that of the municipals. At length, they grew enraged, and threatened so positively to kill both him and me, that her love for us once more compelled her to yield. My aunt and I took my brother out of bed, as my mother herself had no strength left; and, as soon as he was dressed, she took him in her arms, and, after bathing him in her tears, which were the more bitter as she foresaw that it was the last time she should ever see him, she placed him herself in the hands of the municipal officers. The poor child embraced us

all in the most affectionate manner, and left the room with the municipal officers, with his eyes streaming with tears. My mother charged them with a message from her to the council-general, by which she demanded permission to see her son, were it only at the hours of meals: this message they promised to deliver. She was already completely overcome by this cruel separation; but her desolation rose to the highest pitch, when she learned that it was Simon, the shoemaker, whom she had before seen in his quality of municipal officer, that was charged with the care of her unhappy child. She repeated incessantly, her supplications to be allowed to see him, but always met with a decided refusal; and we understood my poor brother continued weeping for two entire days, and prayed, in the most heart-rending tones, to be permitted to see us.

We had no longer any one to wait upon us, and were by no means displeased at it, as I much preferred being left alone: my aunt and I made the beds, and waited upon my mother. We ascended to the top of the Tower very frequently, because my brother also walked there at his side of the building, and the only pleasure my mother now had was to get an occasional distant glimpse of him through a small slit in the division-wall. She used to remain there for entire hours, watching the moment when she could see her child: this was her only desire, her only solace, and her only occupation. It was only very rarely that she was able to obtain any intelligence of him, either through the municipal officers, who sometimes had occasion to see Simon, or by Tison, who, desirous to make amends for his past conduct, conducted himself better, and sought every opportunity of getting information for us respecting my brother. As for Simon, his treatment of my brother was more cruel than can be possibly imagined, and the unworthy man redoubled his severity towards the child, because he wept at being separated from us: in fact, he so completely affrighted the mind of my unhappy brother, that he no longer even dared to shed a tear.

On the 2d of August, at two o'clock in the morning, the queen was awoke, in order that the decree of the convention might be read to her, ordering her to the Conciergerie, to stand her trial. She heard it without emotion, and was obliged to dress herself in the presence of the municipal officers. In passing through the prison gates, she, forgetting to stoop, struck her head against the wicket; she was asked if she had hurt herself?—"Oh no," said she, nothing now can hurt me!" The petty cruelty towards the royal personages was, perhaps, the most aggravating; the poor queen was refused the water which came every day to the Temple, and her knitting instruments were withheld from her; happily, however, by her removal, she was spared the mortification of hearing her son sing the immoral songs, which the scoundrel, Simon, taught him, or the blasphemous oaths, which the poor child was compelled to utter.

On the 21st of September, the remaining prisoners of the royal family, in the Temple,

were confined to one room, and that room searched every day; even the poor girl, the now duchess of Angoulême, was insulted by the most disgusting interrogatories, with a view of eliciting something against her aunt and mother. The trial of the queen followed, and for three days and three nights, was she tortured with an examination without interruption:—

‘She was forced to hear all the insulting questions that Chaumette had before put to us, the very thought of which could only have suggested itself to such monsters. “*I appeal to every mother,*” was the reply she made to this infamous accusation. All around were moved at this affecting answer, and the judges, alarmed at this appearance of sympathy, and dreading lest her firmness, her dignified conduct, and her courage, should excite an interest in her fate, hastened to find her guilty, and to sentence her to death. My mother heard the fatal warrant with great calmness. A priest, who had taken the oaths was appointed to attend her in her last moments; but, notwithstanding his most earnest persuasions, she first mildly declined his assistance, and then absolutely refused to listen to him, or to avail herself of his ministry. She knelt down alone, prayed to God for a considerable time, was then attacked with a fit of coughing, after which she went to bed and slept for a few hours. The next day, knowing that the curé of St. Margaret was confined in a part of the prison opposite where she was, she approached the window, and, directing her looks towards the window of his room, fell upon her knees and prayed. I have been told that he gave her absolution or his blessing, while in this position. In fine, after devoting her soul to God, she went to the scaffold with courage, amidst the imprecations of the misguided mob. Her courage never failed her, either on the fatal cart, or on the scaffold. The same intrepidity that distinguished her during her life-time, she displayed at her death.

‘Thus died, on the 16th of October, 1793, Marie-Antoinette-Jeanne-Joséphé of Lorraine, daughter of an emperor, and wife of a king of France. She perished at the age of thirty-seven years and eleven months, twenty-three of which she had spent in France. She died eight months after her husband, Louis XVI.’

For eighteen months, did the young princess remain ignorant of the death of her mother, nor was Madame Elizabeth informed of it, though they learnt, by means of the hawkers, the death of the Duc d’Orléans, which was the only intelligence that reached them during a whole winter. In the meantime, these ladies were treated with increased severity, eggs and fish were refused them on fast days, and they were told that ‘no one but fools believed then in that nonsense.’ Madame Elizabeth, however, kept the whole of Lent, by going without breakfast, making a dinner of the coffee served at breakfast, and eating dry bread in the evening. Their apartments were searched by blasphemous drunkards, on the ground that the ladies forged assignats and coined money. Of the

cruelty with which the dauphin was treated, we must leave his sister to speak. She says:

‘On the 19th of January, we heard a great noise in my brother’s room, from which we conjectured that they were removing him from the Temple, and we were confirmed in this belief, when we saw them, through the key-hole, carrying away a bundle of things. We also heard, on the succeeding days, the frequent sound of the opening of his door, and of persons walking in his room, so that we remained persuaded of his departure. I have since, however, learned, that it was the removal of Simon, that caused this bustle. Being forced to choose between the place of municipal officer, and that of my brother’s keeper, he preferred accepting the first. I have also since learned that they had the cruelty to leave my poor brother entirely alone; an unheard-of barbarity, which surely has never had its parallel, thus to abandon an unhappy child of eight years old, who was already in a dreadful state of health, and to keep him shut in in his chamber, under lock and bolts, without any assistance, except what he might procure by means of a bell, which he never rang, so great was his dread of the persons whom he knew would answer it, and preferring to do without every thing he wanted, rather than apply for the most trifling thing to his persecutors. He was in a bed which had not been once made for more than six months, and which he had not himself sufficient strength to turn; this bed was covered with fleas and bugs, of which his linen and his person were also full. He was obliged to wear the same shirt and stockings for upwards of a year: and, during the whole of that time, every filth was left to accumulate in his room. His window, being secured with a padlock in addition to the bars outside, was not once opened, and indeed, it was impossible to remain in his room on account of the infectious smell. It is true that my brother himself neglected these matters: that he might have taken a little more care of his person, or at least might have washed himself, as he was allowed a pitcher of water for the purpose; but his age must be considered, and the fear which he underwent, not daring to ask for anything, so great was his dread of Simon and his other keepers.’

‘On the 9th of May, Madame Elizabeth was hurried from the Temple, to the Conciergerie, where she passed the night:—

‘The following day she was asked three questions:—“Your name?”—“Elizabeth of France.” “Where were you on the 10th of August?”—“At the palace of the Tuilleries with the king, my brother.” “What has become of your diamonds?”—“I do not know. All these questions are, however, useless; you want my life; I have offered up to God the sacrifice of my being, and I am prepared to die, happy at the thought of rejoining my revered brother and his wife, whom I loved so dearly when on earth.” She was condemned to death.

‘She had herself conducted into the room occupied by those who were to suffer along with her: she exhorted them all to prepare for their approaching end with a degree of

self-possession, an elevation of soul, and a pious unction, that imparted strength to their minds. During her passage in the fatal cart she preserved the same calm tranquillity, and supported the courage of the women who were with her. On reaching the foot of the scaffold, her murderers had the cruelty to make her wait until the last. The women who accompanied her, on getting out of the cart, all asked leave to embrace her; which she consented to with her usual kindness, at the same time encouraging them by her language. She retained all her firmness up to the last moment, which she suffered with a resignation founded on religious hope.’

Madame Elizabeth perished on the 10th of May, 1794, aged only thirty years; her biographer does justice to her virtues, and she appears to have been a most exemplary female. Imagination may, perhaps, conceive the horrible situation of the young princess, then only fifteen years old, when her father, mother, and aunt, had all been torn from her; her knives were taken from her, and even a tinder-box, lest ‘she should fall asleep near the fire, and burn herself.’ Robespierre himself is supposed one night to have visited her, and he treated her with an air of insolence, which was an act of insult worthy the character of that monster.

On the 10th Thermidor, at six o’clock in the morning, the princess was roused by a visit from some members of the Convention, among whom was Barras; such visits, either by the members or a commissary of the Convention, were frequent, and took place at all hours; three of these commissaries, Laurent, Gomier, and Loine, had some share of humanity, and did not aggravate the misery of the prisoners by wanton cruelty and insult. The ill treatment and neglect of the dauphin rapidly hurried him to his grave, and he died on the 10th of June, 1795, aged ten years and two months. His sister, in noting his death, says:—

‘The commissaries shed bitter tears of regret at his untimely fate; his amiable qualities had gained their hearts. He naturally possessed an excellent understanding, but his long imprisonment, and the horrible treatment of which he was the victim, gradually affected his mind; and, even had he lived, it is probable he would never have recovered the effects of it.

‘I do not believe that he was poisoned, as has been said, and as some persons still suppose: this report is proved to be unfounded by the testimony of the physicians, who opened his body, in which they found no traces whatever of poison. The medicines that were given to him in his last illness have been analysed, and have been found to be perfectly good. The only poison that cut short his days was the filth in which he was left, joined to the horrible treatment, to the cruelty, and to the unexampled barbarities that were exercised towards him.’

This plain inartificial narrative possesses deep interest, and appeals more strongly, perhaps, to the heart than the most studied description.

(To be continued in our next.)

The Sabbath Muse; a Poem. 12mo. London, 1826. Gifford and Co.

Who may be the author of the Sabbath Muse, this little unassuming volume affords us no clue to ascertain, but he is a writer whose name cannot long remain unknown, unless, like Junius, he is the sole depositary of his own secret, and is content to witness his popularity, unaccompanied by those personally flattering encomiums which the publicity of his name must inevitably produce. We have heard the poem attributed to an American; if so, it surpasses any thing of the kind that has yet been wafted across the Atlantic to our shores, and we must begin to look out, lest the boasted supremacy of the mother country in literature be disputed by her children in America.

The object of the poem of the Sabbath Muse is not less praiseworthy than its execution is excellent; it is to assert the existence and omnipotence of a Deity against the doubts and cavils of infidelity; and the writer happily takes for his epigraph the following passage from Young:—

'This is a beaten track.—Is this a track
Should not be beaten? Never beat enough
Till enough learn'd the truths it would inspire.'

In a brief address to the reader, the author thus states his motive in writing the Sabbath Muse, and the manner in which it has been executed:—

'It occurred to me that by devoting some portion of every Sunday to religious composition, I should succeed, eventually, in producing a volume of some interest and some usefulness, without interfering in any manner with the necessary avocations of life. I selected the popular form of poetry as the vehicle of instruction—because it is a popular form; because we are in more need of attractive and imaginative works upon such topics, than of those which appeal to the understanding alone; and because it is the nature of lighter effusions, to awaken in the mind a spirit of inquiry such as may prepare the way to more profound researches after truth, and more conclusive victories over falsehood.'

The poem, which contains no unnecessary exordium, after noticing the beauty of a sabbath eve, the riches of nature, and the perishing quality of every thing earthly, proceeds to attack the infidel, by proving the existence of a God, from his works in the creation, and showing the absurdity of the doctrine of chance, which he thus eloquently and powerfully refutes:—

'Tis vain to trick out chance in idle pomp
Of glory, to advance it to a throne,
To choose it ministers among the winds,
To put the solemn thunders in its grasp,
And bid it shake creation 'till the stars
Rock in their altitudes: if you not add
Wisdom and love of order, and the mind,
Together with the might to make that love
Of order shine through all created things,
This idol of your thought is but a dark
And savage impulse working ends reverse;
A terror doing deeds of charity.
Add wisdom, love of order, bounty, truth,
And take me with you to the temple where
You lay your offerings, and I will join

My hands with thine; for chance, ennobled so,
Is God misnamed, but God still infinite.'

The author is not only a poet, but a logician, and he often reasons very acutely; he denies that science, rightly understood, is calculated to produce infidelity, since the labours of the philosopher—

'more illustrate what
Was more obscure, and show perfection in
The plan and frame of things;'
and he accounts for the conceit of infidelity, by observing that—

'By wisdom taught to trace great Nature's laws,
We triumph till we seem to have impos'd
And sanctioned them ourselves.'

We shall not, however, rest the merits of this poem on its arguments, when its beauties appeal so strongly as they do in every page, and particularly in the following description of the rising sun and morn:—

'Will schoolmen laugh to scorn my simple plan

For waking in th' obdurate breast some spark
Of reverence? Let the patient rise betimes
(For he is sick in spirit), and repair
To some high hill, or far extended plain,
Or where the ocean tosses on its bed
Of wonders; let him wait to witness there
The rising of the sun. How gently first
The delicate soft hand of morning touches
The skirts of night: and see, along the fields
Those lazy vapours, how reluctantly
They roll their columns westward to be gone;
While breezes fresh, and younger than the spring,

Carouse and pant in expectation of
The coming glory. Yonder is the star
That loves the dawn;—sweet star! beneath
whose smile

Time brightens till, behold a miracle!
The curtains of the east take fire; they burn
As if some fierce explosion of the stores
Of light alarm'd the sky with this sublime,
Magnificent, unquenchable, display.
He comes! he comes! the sun himself, alone:
He seems to stand an instant on the earth,
Then soaring takes to Heaven, aspires and
rides

Amid the general chorus nature pours
From all her ranks to greet him! In their
spheres

Ten thousand worlds are pois'd to catch his
beam,

And drink the flashes of excessive day
From his insufferable countenance.
'Twere scarce a crime to take him for a God;
Why then refuse to take his testimony
To him who is a God?'

After glancing at the works of creation on the earth, and in the waters under the earth, the poet shows the superiority of man, concluding his picture of man's supremacy with the following comparison of him to the bird of Jove:—

'Even the proud bird, whose daring glance as-
saults

The sun's meridian, shoots a beam abroad
Though brilliant, uninform'd, and leaves to
man,

Though on the fiery light he durst not look,
The sovereignty of grand expression.'

We are trespassing—almost unjustly trespassing on this little poem by our extracts, and yet we cannot pass the illustration of the happy effects of religion, as contrasted with

infidelity, in the following affecting incident:—

'I knew a man, whose conduct no reproach
Could stain; but he denied th' Almighty cause.
His lot was cast just in the middle grove
Where comfort builds her nest; and there were
fledg'd

The feelings that belong to home: that live
Beneath paternal roofs, and love them well,
And shed more blessings round the sacred
hearth,

Than household gods in old mythology
Were feign'd to lavish. But the bliss that
founds

Its empire here is brief. First, one by one,
His children died: the mother next was call'd;
Nor youth nor truth avail'd her. 'Twas a
sight

Might touch a stoic's heart, to see disease
Light up her features with so mild a gleam,
As if the change to the angelic state
Already were begun, and Death had waived
His office, to devolve on Beauty's self
The conduct of so fair a guest to Heaven.

'She drooped;—but who shall paint the bit-
terness

Of his regret? 'Twas not the natural pain,
The common tear that trickled down his cheek:
'Twas impious grief, or of a nameless cast;
A fear that was a blasphemy: despair
And horror sat beside it in his soul,
Dissolving bones and sinews mortified
Cramm'd it with ugly food: Death, final death,
The universal end, with his blank sleep
Stood by to seize the wife he lov'd, and plunge
her

In fathomless nothing, never more to be;
No, not so much as is the breathing air,
Or the responsive echo, or the sound
That storm or ruin makes when nature trem-
bles.

'When the last morning, with a clay-cold
hand,

The curtains drew of Emma's bed, she call'd
Her husband to her. Awful is the pain
Of seeing those we love depart from life,
And awful counsels well befit the hour.
She seiz'd the favouring crisis, spoke of hope,
Of faith: she drew a Bible from her breast,
Gave it, but spoke not. He was speechless too.
One tear from either dropp'd upon the book,—
And that was all; unless some angel's tear
Might mingle.—Emma's thoughts were then
in Heaven.

But hark!—that sigh: though gentle, 'tis the
last!

Oh never, never more shall Emma sigh.
Life's colour perished in her cheek, but not
Its smile—that smile—it look'd almost im-
mortal.

'He is not stone although he stands as still;
But flesh and blood, with thinking power en-
dued,

And feelings nicely wrought. His glazed eye
White as th' unwritten table of his creed,
With horror white, is fixed, and frozen o'er;
But on his brow the cold sweat of despair
Grows warm, when he beholds the smile of
death,

And feels the hope his Emma liv'd and died in.
This was the consummation. In his hand
The Bible still he held; close to his heart
He press'd it next; then on his knees he fell:
With eloquence, even as the purest spring
Descends the rock, hope gush'd in living
streams

From out the fissure of his cloven heart;

Tears mingled with his words, joy with his grief,
 Contrition with his rapture, 'till the act
 Of his deliverance perfected in prayer,
 The grave gave up its dead; before him pass'd
 In glad review, born to another life,
 His wife, his children; his own image rose
 Amongst them, and the world cast far behind
 Into the shade of time; together on
 They roam'd, through fields where bliss for
 ever reigns,
 No more to meet with death, nor weep for
 parting.'

Although this poem is complete in itself, yet it is intended as a portion of a larger work, if it meets with success,—which it would be a libel on the good taste and correct feeling of the public to doubt for a moment.

A Picture of Greece in 1825; as exhibited in the Personal Narratives of James Emerson, Esq., Count Pecchio, and W. H. Humphreys, Esq. Comprising a Detailed Account of the Events of the late Campaign, and Sketches of the principal Military, Naval, and Political Chiefs. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1825. Colburn.

THE intelligence from Greece in the newspapers, from whatever source it comes, is so contradictory, that no reliance whatever can be placed on it; and it is only from the continuance of the war that we can safely infer that no decisive event has occurred to terminate hostilities, either by the independence or the subjugation of the Greeks. In this dearth of facts, we turn with pleasure to the work before us, which bears the stamp of authenticity, and supplies much of that information, which we have sought for elsewhere in vain, as to the state of Greece and the events of the year 1825—a year which, if not marked by those signal triumphs which distinguished some of its predecessors, has been a very important one to Greece. It is true, perhaps, that the energies of the Greeks, paralysed as they have been by dissensions, have not been put forth with that vigour and unanimity which is so desirable; yet still the Turks, considering their great force and armaments, have gained little, if any thing; we have, however, and that recently, given a view of the affairs of Greece, and shall now, therefore, only notice the volumes before us.

Count Pecchio is already favourably known to the public by his preceding work,—he is ardent in the cause of liberty, whether in Italy, Spain, or Greece; his contribution to the *Picture of Greece* is not very important, though interesting. Indeed, Mr. Emerson's narrative is by far the best; he seems to be an honest historian, who faithfully narrates what he saw—who is neither biassed by prejudice nor enthusiasm. He seems well acquainted with the character of the Greeks, and the relative situation of them and their enemies; he does ample justice to their bravery, but regrets, as every one must do, that there is so much want of confidence, and so little subordination among them. His narrative also gives us a good insight into the society, costume, and manners of the people. The love of dress and ele-

gant armour is a passion with the Greeks, and in some of them approaches to a weak vanity; such was the case with the Eparch of Andruzzena, a fine military-looking young man, in an Albanian dress; he, however, like the rest of his countrymen, was hospitable, and when applied to by Mr. Emerson and his party, to find lodgings, he took them to his own residence. Mr. E. says:—

'We accordingly accepted his hospitality, and accompanied him to his house. It was situated near the entrance of the town, and like that of the Eparch of Gastouni, was approached by a court-yard. It consisted likewise of two stories, the better Greek houses seldom exceeding that height. The lower of these was now fitted up as a prison for malefactors; and to the upper we ascended by a balcony, which ran along the entire front of the house, and served as a corridor to the several apartments, which had no internal communication with each other. On entering, we came into the apartment of the chief, which composed one-half of the extent of the mansion, the remainder being divided into his bed-room, kitchen, and apartments for his suite.

'During the few days which bad weather obliged us to remain with him, we had sufficient leisure to make some observations on his character and manners. The latter, like those of the higher orders of his countrymen, were decidedly Turkish. The room in which he received us was fitted up in complete Ottoman style, with stained glass windows, inlaid ceiling, splendid carpets, mats, cushions, and numerous vases of gold and silver fish. On taking our seats, we were, as usual, presented with a chibouqué and some coffee; whilst our news was eagerly inquired after by our obliging host. He was about twenty-five years of age; he had formerly enjoyed a confidential situation under the present government; viz. the disposing of the forfeited Turkish lands in his province, and on the expiration of his commission, had obtained the government of his present eparchy. His dress was accurately national, but formed of the most costly materials and style, covered with an abundance of braiding and embroidery; whilst his pistols and silver-mounted ataghan were of exquisite design and workmanship. Though his conversation was lively, his manners were indolent and oriental; he reclined almost the entire day on a velvet cushion, surrounded by his attendants, smoking his chibouqué, or counting over and over again the polished beads of his amber *combolojo*. Of his dress he was particularly vain, and received with evident pleasure all the praises which we bestowed upon it. On such occasions, he usually arose, set forward his elbow, turned out his heel, and surveying himself from top to toe, replied with evident complacency, "ναι, τό φέρμα μου; εναι αρκετον καλον." "Why, yes, our costume is certainly pretty."

'Our fare, during our stay, consisted of lamb, fowls, milk, eggs, and vegetables; and though it was Lent, our accommodating host made no scruple to join in our uncanonical repast. Our breakfast was, generally, made up of curds and eggs, with a little milk

and cheese; but the dinner was a somewhat more perplexing affair. Our table was a small round board, raised half a foot from the floor; and round this we were obliged to squat tailor-wise; as to have stretched our limbs would have thrown us at rather an incommensurable distance from our provisions. In this posture, by no means an agreeable one to the uninitiated, we were obliged to remain during the tedious process of a Greek repast, which seldom occupied less than half an hour. Our first course was boiled rice, mixed up with yaourl or sour curds, eggs fried and swimming in olive oil, and a mixed dish of boiled vegetables, chopped leeks, spinach, sorrel, and mustard leaves. The second, a stewed fowl stuffed with plum-pudding, roast lamb, and *cairare*, rather an odorous dish, composed of the entrails of the salmon and cuttle-fish, fermented and tempered with oil. Our third remove contained milk, in all its different preparations of curd, cheese, and runnet; various combinations of boiled, roast, and whipped eggs; the whole washed down with plentiful draughts of Paman wine, supplied by a cup-bearer, who, in proper oriental style, stood constantly behind the cushion of his chieftain. Our dessert, as it was winter, consisted chiefly of oranges and dried fruit, figs, dates, and raisins; on the whole, our feasts were not only classical but palatable, and when all was concluded, a comfortable room, in which to strew our beds, was a favour as acceptable as it was uncommon.'

Every person at all attentive to the war in Greece knows, that the greatest exploits have been performed by the navy, particularly the brulots, or fire-ships:—

'The vessels usually employed for this service are old ships purchased by the government. Their construction, as fire-ships, is very simple, nothing more being wanted than active combustion. For this purpose, the ribs, hold, and sides of the vessel, after being well tarred, are lined with dried furze, dipped in pitch and lees of oil, and sprinkled with sulphur; a number of hatchways are then cut along the deck, and under each is placed a small barrel of gunpowder; so that, at the moment of conflagration, each throws off its respective hatch, and giving ample vent to the flames, prevents the deck being too soon destroyed by the explosion. A train, which passes through every part of the ship, and communicates with every barrel, running round the deck, and passing out at the steerage window, completes the preparation below; whilst above, every rope and yard is well covered with tar, so as speedily to convey the flames to the sails; and at the extremity of each yard-arm is attached a wickered hook which, being once entangled with the enemy's rigging, renders escape, after coming in contact, almost a matter of impossibility. The train, to prevent accidents, is never laid till the moment of using it; when all being placed in order, and the wind favourable, with every possible sail set, so as to increase the flames, she bears down upon the enemy's line, whilst the crew, usually twenty-five or thirty in number, have no other defence than crouching behind the af-

ter-bulwarks. When close upon the destined ship, all hands descend by the stern, into a launch fitted out for the purpose, with high gunwales and a pair of small swivels; and at the moment of contact the train is fired by the captain, and every hatch being thrown off, the flames burst forth at the same instant from stem to stern; and, ascending by the tarred ropes and sails, soon communicate with the rigging of the enemy's vessel, who have never yet, in one instance, been able to extricate themselves. In fact, such is the terror with which they have inspired the Turks, that they seldom make the slightest resistance. On the distant approach of the fire-ship, they maintain for some minutes an incessant random cannonade: but at length, long before she comes in contact, precipitate themselves into the sea, and attempt to reach the other vessels, scarcely one remaining to the last moment to attempt to save the devoted ship. Sometimes, however, armed boats are sent off from the other vessels of the fleet, but they have never yet been able either to prevent the approach of the fire-ship, or seize on the crew while making their escape; and though fire-ships are in other countries considered a forlorn hope, such is the stupidity and terror of the Turks, that it is rarely one of the brulottiers is wounded, and very seldom indeed that any lose their lives. The service, however, from the imminent risk to which it is exposed, is rewarded with higher pay than the ordinary seamen; and on every occasion of their success each brulottier receives an additional premium of 100 or 150 piastres. To the captains, likewise, rewards have frequently been offered, but been as often refused; as they replied, that they should consider it a disgrace to accept a recompense for doing their duty to their country. The number of these brave fellows is from twenty-five to thirty; and though many have nobly distinguished themselves, the widely-spreading laurels of one have unfortunately overshadowed the honours of the rest. It is needless to say that this individual is Constantine Canaris. There are, however, many others whose fame has not extended so far, though their actions have been equally daring and successful, and who are rewarded by the most lavish praises of their countrymen, by whom their names are celebrated in the popular songs of the island.

In noticing the Greek navy, Mr. Emerson says:—

'After the surprising exploits and well-earned fame of the Greek fleet, it may perhaps appear strange to assert, that those actions have been accomplished solely by the brulottiers, with the assistance of not more than twelve or fourteen ships out of all the fleet, and that the remaining forty-five or fifty have rendered no other service to the cause of their country, than by their show adding to the apparent force of her navy, and tending to augment the terror of the enemy by a display of numbers. Yet such is actually the fact, and one which the powerless arm of government has, as yet, been unable to remedy. This circumstance arises from the ships being all private property; and whilst the few brave

fellows, who hesitate at nothing to accomplish their object, boldly face the most powerful force of the enemy, others, less ambitious of honour, and more wary, content themselves with hanging aloof, and discharging a few harmless cannon beyond the range of the enemy's shot—urging, as an ostensible reason, the folly of risking more lives than are necessary for the protection of their brulottiers; or, if more closely pushed, making no scruple to declare that they do not wish to have their own small ships exposed to the heavy fire of the Turkish frigates, when neither their own means, nor the allowance of the government, are adequate to repair the damages they might sustain. Thus deprived, by vanity or selfishness, of the greater bulk of his fleet, Miaulis, with about half-a-dozen faithful and subordinate followers, to aid the noble fellows who work the fire ships, and who have never yet shrunk from their duty, has achieved every action which has tended to advance the liberty of Greece, and to bring its struggle towards a conclusion.'

'In the domestic economy of each ship there is, consequently, a great deal of confusion and irregularity. No man on board has any regular quarters or post assigned him; on the issuing of an order from the captain, it is repeated by every mouth from end to end of the ship, and all crowd with eagerness to be the first to perform the most trifling service. This is of course productive of extreme bustle and confusion, especially in the eyes and ears of a stranger, and frequently occasioned me no little alarm; as, from the shouts and trampling over head, I have often deemed the ship in danger, but, on hurrying upon deck, found it was merely some trivial duty, about which all were contending, such as setting a studding-sail, or hoisting up the jolly-boat.

'The only regular duty on board seems to be the discipline at dinner-hour. The provisions of the sailors are not of the best description, consisting principally of salt and dried fish, sardillas, and Newfoundland cod; but to make amends for this, they have excellent biscuit, (sliced bread, leaven baked, being the real biscuit,) and the best Grecian wine. Mid-day and sun-set are the hours of dinner and supper, and before that time every mess, consisting of six persons, has its little table prepared between two of the guns. As soon as the signal is given, each table is served by the steward with its allowance of fish, bread, oil, wine, and vinegar, the eldest man of the mess acting as dispenser, the youngest as cupbearer. During the dinner hour the steward continues walking round from mess to mess, to see that each table has its regular allowance of wine and bread, and during the whole ceremony the utmost silence and decorum are preserved. The tables of the captains, and particularly that of the admiral, are however much better served, as at every Grecian port which they put into, the inhabitants vie with each other who shall send to the fleet the most acceptable presents of fresh provisions, vegetables, fruit, wine, cheese, and sweetmeats; and these, together with the stock of European stores and French

wines, render their living rather luxurious.'

Of all the Greek admirals, Miaulis has most distinguished himself, and though not a young man, he possesses uncommon ardour and activity. Mr. E. says,—

'Miaulis is a man from fifty to sixty years old; his figure somewhat clumsy, but with a countenance peculiarly expressive of intelligence, humanity, and good nature. His family have been long established at Hydra, and he has himself been accustomed to the sea from a child. Being intrusted at nineteen by his father with the management of a small brig which traded in the Archipelago, his successes in trade were equal to any of his countrymen, and about fifteen years ago he was amongst the richest of the islanders; but the unfortunate loss of a vessel on the coast of Spain, which, together with the cargo, was his own property, and worth about 160,000 piastres, reduced his circumstances to mediocrity. A few years, however, in some degree recruited his fortunes, so far as at the opening of the war to enable him to contribute three brigs to the navy of Greece. He had at one time been captured with two other Spezziot vessels, by Lord Nelson; his companions, after a strict investigation, still maintaining that their cargo was not French property, were condemned; whilst his frankness in admitting the justness of the capture, notwithstanding that circumstances evidently convicted him, induced the British admiral to give him his liberty. I never met any man of more unaffected and friendly manners. He seems totally above any vaunting or affectation, and only anxious to achieve his own grand object—the liberation of his country, alike unmoved by the malice and envy of his enemies, or the lavish praises of his countrymen. The bravery of his associates is mingled with a considerable portion of ambition; but with him there seems but one unbiassed spring of steady sterling patriotism.'

These are interesting extracts, and we might select more, not only from Mr. Emerson's narrative, but from those of Mr. Humphreys and Count Pecchio, but to these we shall content ourselves with referring the readers, and recommending the work as containing much valuable information relating to Greece.

Mr. Emerson is perhaps a little too severe on the Greeks, though, we believe, in point of moral character, they cannot be compared with the Turks. The Greeks, indeed, seem to feel that Mr. Emerson has formed too unfavourable an opinion of them.

Laonics. Parts II. and III. London, 1826. Boys.

THE second and third parts of this elegant little work fully justify the character we gave of it on the appearance of the first number, that it was composed of 'gems of genius.' A copious index to the volume is given with the second part, which obviates, in a great degree, our objection to the *Laonics* not being classified. Very extensive reading and good taste are displayed in every page of the work, which we understand has already obtained an extensive circulation.

A Hist
and
had
part
(1
This w
brillia
terest
it mu
ultra-
the po
reau.
prepos
ral. V
a man
for a n
whom
native
too mi
perfidy
true ci
ror. I
fore us
ing the
may fo
assembl
delphia
so far.
cide w
to prov
posed
people
tained
bition
togeth
sphere
raging
princip
tion of
society
are ov
all tim
orphan
lations
to be
in Fra
lance
that b
dered
should
of the
The
but in
extrac
rious c
of our
* M
cure, l
he fled
the pe
scarce
fore h
ence.
zeal o
throug
papers
† V
peror
mains
late e
indicu

A History of the Secret Societies of the Army, and of the Military Conspiracies which have had for their Object the Destruction of Bonaparte's Government. London. Bossange. (Translated from *Le Petit Mercure*)

THIS work, though not remarkable for the brilliancy of its style, is yet one of great interest; to read it with advantage, however, it must be kept in mind that the author is an *ultra-royalist*. This is easily recognised in the portrait which he gives of General Moreau. It is in vain that he endeavours to prepossess his readers in favour of this general. Who can possibly feel any interest for a man so justly styled the chief of traitors, for a man who, in the ranks of those Russians whom he was leading to the conquest of his native country, met with a death every way too mild for the punishment of his cowardly perfidy! a man, in short, whose name no true citizen ought to pronounce without horror. But be all this as it may—the work before us contains many curious details respecting the conspiracy of *Mallet*, and the reader may follow the author into the midst of the assemblies of those secret societies of *Philadelphians*, the ramifications of which extended so far. We think, however, few will coincide with his opinions, when he endeavours to prove that the masonic lodges are composed of a set of idle, curious, or credulous people, and says that freemasonry is sustained only by two springs, cupidity and ambition; whereas the purest disinterestedness, together with a noble desire of extending the sphere of human knowledge, and of encouraging every truly liberal sentiment, form the principal character of this society, the institution of which is both wise and sublime—a society which always welcomes those who are overtaken by misfortune, and which, at all times and in all places, offers to the poor orphan or unhappy emigrant salutary consolations and generous succour.* It is much to be regretted, that at this time freemasonry in France should be subjected to the surveillance of the lowest agents of the police, and that by a strange fatuity, that, which is considered virtuous in England and Belgium, should be criminal in Spain and in the states of the successor of Alexander!†

The History of the Secret Societies being but indifferently written, is ill-calculated for extracts, but as a work containing many curious details, we recommend it to the perusal of our readers.

* M. Chatelain, the editor of the *Petit Mercure*, here subjoins a note, in which he says, he fled to Belgium, in December, 1824, to avoid the persecutions of the French clergy, and had scarcely taken refuge in the city of Menin before he was again arrested through their influence. He obtained his liberation by the active zeal of some freemasons, who discovered, through the means of a song found among his papers, that he belonged to their fraternity.

† What may be the conduct of the new Emperor of Russia towards the freemasons remains to be seen; but certainly the alarm the late emperor felt at this society was extremely ridiculous.—Translator.

ORIGINAL FACETIÆ.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—I send a few scraps, which may assist to enliven your new year's Chronicle.

Your's, &c.

J. R. P

CASTOR AND POLLUX.

Joan. Aud. Epig. 28.

United, they in Heav'n sit side by side:

Would this example were on earth applied!

Brothers should live unanimous in turn,
That one, though *two*; two should be *one's* concern.

MR. GOOD'S MARRIAGE WITH MISS EVIL,
OF BATH.

'Evil, be thou my Good.'

This proves what Milton wrote and understood:—

If Good be Evil;—Evil thou art Good.

LEX VIOLATIO.

How are the country's *laws outrun*?—Because
Men take leg bail, and then, they *run-outlaws*.

DE FINE MUNDI.

Moses describes when *first* the world was made:

But who shall be the last historian?—*Shade*.

MATRIMONY.

When persons marry and agree

They both are one, in reason's view:

If not—this truth I clearly see,—

In spite of wedlock, they are two.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

The old year with the new year met;

They look'd as each were t'other scorning;

But, ere they parted, though in pet,

The old said, 'good night!'—the new, 'good morning!'

'Tis thus with men who live on earth,—

One dies and goes to dust our mother;

His place is filled by others' birth,—

And birth-days conquer one another.

EPITAPH ON A. LIVINGSTONE, ESQ.

Ashes to ashes—dust to dust,

Flesh to flesh,—and bone to bone:

Complain not, mortal!—Death is just,

For I'm—*A. Living—stone*,

ANNUAL OFFERINGS.

Young ladies love the mistletoe,

Because it brings them kisses;

And kisses pave the way, we know,

For mistresses and little misses.

TO MR. PUGH, BY WAY OF ANTIDOTE TO HIS COMPLAINT, AT CHURCH.

'I caught a cold, by sitting near the door,

The rain came in, the wind severely blew.'

'Thy cold to cure,—thy hearing to restore,

Another time, sit in the—*vestry*, Pew.'

AERIAL MACHINE.

M. SCHOENHERR has addressed to us a letter upon the subject of an invention, which he advertises in a subsequent column, and requests we will do him the favour to solicit attention to his project. He labours under the disadvantage of being very little acquainted with our language, and we with being as imperfectly acquainted with his invention—our engagements having prevented us from witnessing its exhibition: we will, however, make our readers acquainted with the substance of his communication. He says that his present Majesty honoured him with notice in 1795, at which period he exhibited a drawing of his machine at the Royal Exchange. The projector then states that 'this machine is far superior to the balloon, and is on a

grand scale; the whole, when finished, will appear like a ship in full sail. Its length is thirty-six feet, breadth twenty-four feet, height in proportion. In its centre is a room, where all the necessary operations can be carried on, twelve feet square. The whole is sufficiently commodious to carry twelve persons conveniently, with ease and safety. The operators are neither exposed to the cold nor dampness of the atmosphere, nor liable to giddiness—(being stationed in the centre;) yet they can, when they please, see above and below, before and behind, and on both sides; and they can direct this aerial machine to travel either in circles, obliquely, sideways, or in zig-zag. The course, with the wind, may be very rapid; but to go against a strong wind is not promised, though it may be possible. The aeronauts may remain days or weeks in the air, according to their provisions; and should they perceive a desirable spot, they may descend to it gradually, at pleasure. They may go from city to city, or from country to country, or go on to another hemisphere, either in the day-time or at night, being of course provided with sea-compasses, telescopes, barometers, *speaking-trumpets*, and other *necessary* articles. The provisions should consist of light food, such as biscuits, wine, tobacco, &c. The voyagers may pass alike over land or ocean—the water having no power to attract or draw the machine. Each man would have his respective place and work assigned: one would sit at the helm, to steer and give directions; four would row or move the wings; four would have other work of great power and utility; one would manage the front—another the rear; and one would write down every occurrence.' Mr. Schoenherr concludes with expressing his entire confidence in the practicability of his scheme, and believes many excellent discoveries and much national benefit may be obtained through its means, and hopes for the general patronage of the nobility and gentry.

Mr. Schoenherr, like many clever men, appears to us somewhat of a visionary; we do not, however, on that account, deny that he is a man of talent. The dreams of alchemy led to many discoveries in chemistry; the attempt to discover the longitude has improved the sciences of astronomy and navigation; and to the laborious industry of the ingenious to create a perpetual motion we owe many valuable discoveries in mechanics: who then shall say, that although Mr. Schoenherr's invention may not justify his expectations, it can produce no good. In fact, without vouching for or knowing any thing of his proposed machine, we fearlessly say there is no science which has advanced less, or where there is more room for improvement, than aërostation.

THE PLAGUE A CONTAGIOUS DISEASE.

IT is a trite saying, that when innovation once commences, there is no knowing where it will stop; it is not only trite, but were it to be deemed a sufficient reason for not making any change, it would be to cast away all the advantages of time and experience. There is, however, a danger of making alterations

of too important a nature, or of making them too rapidly; and this is no unusual thing in legislation. Within the last few years, we have seen many instances of this. The laws for insolvent debtors have been altered, we believe, every year, but whether improved or not, we do not say. The Marriage Act was altered, and such was the mischief the innovation created, that one of the first acts of the ensuing Parliament repealed 'the Marriage Amendment Act,' and left the sexes to join in the bands of holy wedlock in the way their great-grandfathers and grandmothers had done. Again, the combination laws were repealed, whether wisely or not, we do not say, but, in the very next session of Parliament, a new bill was deemed necessary, to prevent the real or imaginary evils the repeal of the combination laws were supposed to have occasioned.

The liberty of the subject, marriages, and combinations among workmen, are certainly three important matters on which to make innovations, and on all three it will be seen legislation has been, in some degree, at fault; it has, however, been proposed to innovate on a more serious matter—one which concerns the health of every one of his majesty's liege subjects in every quarter of the globe; we allude to the proposed repeal of the quarantine laws, on the ground that the plague is not contagious.

It is true that, among the faculty, the non-contagionists are not very numerous; but they are industrious, and are not wanting in advocates in the two Houses of Parliament. Last session a modification (and we believe a very safe one,) took place in the quarantine laws; there were, however, senators who contended for their repeal; and, as the non-contagionists, both in and out of Parliament, are extremely active, it is more than probable that the question will be mooted again when the two Houses next meet—unless, indeed, an excellent article on the subject, in *The Quarterly Review* just published, should prevent it.

The writer, who appears to us by far the ablest opponent the non-contagionists have yet had to encounter, in his preliminary remarks, observes that—

'The only way in which we can distinguish those diseases which are prevalent from an extensive cause acting at the same time on a number of people, from those diseases which are prevalent because they are communicated from person to person, is by certain circumstances in the mode of their diffusion. Now the circumstances by which we know that a disease is propagated by contagion, are these: 1st, that those persons are most liable to the disease who approach those affected with it, and that in proportion to the nearness of the approach; 2dly, that those who avoid intercourse with persons affected with the disease, generally or always escape it, and that in proportion to the care with which they avoid them; 3dly, that the disease is communicable from one to another by inoculation. If all these circumstances can be ascertained in the diffusion of a disease, and each with clearness and distinctness, we have all the evidence, which we can

have, for believing that the disease is propagated by contagion.'

As instances of contagion in diseases where persons might not be led to expect it, the reviewer relates the following anecdotes, which are certainly very striking:—

'Five-and-twenty years ago Dr. Wells published his belief that erysipelas was sometimes contagious. The following is one of several facts which led him to this opinion:—An elderly man died of erysipelas of the face. His nephew, who visited him during his illness, was soon afterwards attacked by, and died of, the same disease. The wife of the old man was seized with the same disease a few days after his death, and died in about a week. The landlady of the same house was next affected with it, and then her nurse, who was sent to the workhouse, where she died. Dr. Wells mentioned his suspicion to several medical friends, among whom were Dr. Pitcairn and Dr. Baillie, and they related to him several circumstances which had led them to a similar opinion.

'Lying-in women are subject to a disease called puerperal fever. In general it is of unfrequent occurrence, and out of large numbers scarcely one suffers from it. There are times, however, when this disease rages like an epidemic, and is very fatal. At these times circumstances sometimes occur which create a strong suspicion that the disorder may be communicated by a medical attendant or nurse from one lying in woman to another. We give the following, out of many authentic instances. A surgeon practising midwifery in a populous town, opened the body of a woman who died of puerperal fever, and thereby contracted an offensive smell in his clothes: nevertheless, surgeon-like, he continued to wear them, and to visit and deliver his patients in them. The first woman whom he attended after the dissection, was seized with, and died of, the same disease—the same happened to the second and the third. At length he was struck with the suspicion that puerperal fever might be contagious, and that he was carrying it from patient to patient in his offensive clothes;—he burnt them, and not another of his patients was affected.'

In support of the three positions which the writer assumes, and which we have already quoted, he enters into an account of the plague at Marseilles in 1720, at Moscow in 1771, and at Malta in 1813. The selection of cases appears to us extremely fair; for had the arguments rested on the plague of London, the unwholesome state of the city, the narrowness of the streets, and consequent want of air, as well as the deficiency of water, for cleanliness, might have been urged as predisposing causes. We shall not follow the writer through the whole of these cases, but quote his account of the plague at Marseilles at length, as going far—very far, indeed, to prove its contagious nature:—

'For seventy years the plague had never visited this maritime city, when, on the 25th May, 1720, a vessel sailed into the harbour, under the following circumstances: She had left Seyde, in Syria, on the 31st of January, with a clean bill of health, but the plague had broken out a few days after her depar-

ture, and she had called at Tripoli, not far from Seyde, where she took in some Turkish passengers. During the passage, one of the Turks died, after an illness of a few days. Two sailors attempted to heave the corpse overboard, but before they had time to do so, the captain called them away, and ordered it to be done by the comrades of the deceased. In the course of a few days the two sailors who had touched the corpse fell sick, and speedily died. Soon after this, two others of the crew, one the surgeon of the vessel, who of course had attended the sick, were attacked with the same symptoms, and died. These occurrences so alarmed the captain, that he shut himself up in the poop during the rest of the voyage. Three other sailors subsequently fell ill in the same way, were put ashore at Leghorn, and died there; the physician and surgeons of the infirmary certifying that their disease had been a pestilential fever. The vessel arrived at Marseilles, and the crew and cargo were landed at the lazaretto. Soon afterwards, the disease (at first denied, but subsequently acknowledged to be the plague) attacked another of the crew—an officer put on board the vessel to superintend the quarantine; a boy belonging to the ship; two porters employed in unloading the merchandise; another porter similarly employed; three more porters employed about the merchandise; the priest who had administered the last sacrament to the sick; the surgeon of the lazaretto, and his whole family. Notwithstanding these events, the passengers, having performed a short quarantine of less than twenty days, were allowed to take up their quarters in the town, and to carry with them their clothes and packages. There were anti-contagionists in those days at Marseilles, as there are now in England, and this conduct was the result of their advice. When passengers after a voyage of nearly four months, and a quarantine of nearly three weeks, are at length let loose in a large city, their first employment, is to roam about the streets; they have things to sell and to buy, and to see; they come in contact in the streets and in the shops with persons whom they think no more about, and who think no more about them. It is not surprising, therefore, that the exact traces of the disease should soon be lost, and that it should be often difficult, and even impossible, to follow it satisfactorily in every part of its progress. Of its origin and early advances in the town, the following account is given by M. Bertrand, a resident physician at Marseilles at the time.

'What is certain, is, that the plague was on board the ship of Captain Chataud; that it was communicated to the infirmary by the merchandise with which it was freighted; and that one of the first who fell sick in the city, had been passenger in the ship, and had only quitted the infirmary a few days, with his clothes and merchandise; and that among the very early victims of the distemper, were the family of a famous contraband trader, near the convent of the Carmes, and those of some other contraband traders, who resided in the Rue de l'Escale and its neighbourhood; that the suburb adjoining the

infirmary
time w
readers
gested l

'The
and fou
besides
At this
from th
stating
She wa
by two
day the
in a few
who, a
had vis
most a
amazin
dren, t
to the
cians,
vants;
took th

'On
remova
carts la
beggars
the ser
followe
them in
plied to
convict
was gr
their li
ply an
three;
Another
course
twelve
out of
hundre

'Ar
gent, s
of Ma
when
and di
fate, in
familie
and if
another
him, a
had ta

'W
the ci
restrai
were
the in
or alt
mitted
time
made
shore,
and s
a bar
ing to
for th
for th
break
disea
hospi
sent,
fested
visite

infirmary was attacked nearly at the same time with the Rue de l'Escale. I leave my readers to make the reflections naturally suggested by these facts."

'The Hôtel Dieu contained between three and four hundred foundlings of both sexes, besides the proper officers and attendants. At this hospital, a woman who had escaped from the Rue de l'Escale presented herself, stating that she was ill with a common fever. She was taken in and conducted to her bed by two maid-servants of the house; the next day the two maid-servants fell ill and died in a few hours. The day after, the matron who, according to the duty of her situation, had visited the patient, fell ill, and died almost as suddenly. The disease spread with amazing rapidity; it destroyed all the children, together with every person belonging to the house—governors, confessors, physicians, surgeons, apothecaries, officers, servants; except about thirty, and even these took the infection, but ultimately recovered.

'One of the greatest difficulties was the removal and interment of the dead. At first, carts had been hired to carry them away, and beggars and vagabonds were employed in the service. These soon fell, and those who followed them in their offices, soon followed them in their fate. The magistrates then applied to the officers of the galleys, praying for convicts to carry away the dead—this prayer was granted, and the convicts were promised their liberty if they survived. The first supply amounted to one hundred and thirty-three; these perished in less than a week. Another hundred were granted. In the course of six days they were reduced to twelve; and thus in less than a fortnight, out of two hundred and thirty-three, two hundred and twenty-one perished.

'An official report, transmitted to the Regent, stated that the physicians and surgeons of Marseilles unanimously declared, "that when one person in a family was attacked and died, the rest soon underwent the same fate, insomuch that there were instances of families entirely destroyed in that manner; and if any one of an infected family fled to another house, the contagion accompanied him, and proved fatal to the family where he had taken refuge."

'While these horrors were going on in the city, where intercourse was almost unrestrained, some places, in which precautions were used to prevent communication with the infected, escaped either in a great degree or altogether. When the disease was admitted to be the plague, (and some useful time was lost before that admission was made,) the galleys were detached from the shore, anchored in the middle of the port, and separated from the rest of the vessels by a barrier. There were two hospitals belonging to the galleys, one for the crews, the other for the convicts; the former was reserved for the infected, in case the disease should break out, the latter for patients under other diseases. There was a third or intermediate hospital, to which all doubtful cases were sent, until the nature of their disease manifested itself. The galleys were frequently visited by medical men, and on the slightest

notice of indisposition, the patient was immediately removed to one of these hospitals. The plague, however, made its appearance, and continued in existence from the beginning of August to the beginning of March. The population of the galleys amounted to ten thousand; yet one thousand three hundred persons only were attacked, and about half recovered. We will not speculate on the many modes in which the precautions against intercourse with infected persons may have been evaded, though the particular instance has escaped detection; but we point our readers' attention to the singular difference between the numbers who took the disorder under one system on land, and under another at sea.

'A certificate, given by the Bishop of Marseilles, states that "the plague has not penetrated into the religious communities, who have had no communication with persons abroad, and who have used the precautions necessary to protect them." Another, given by the first sheriff of Marseilles, states that "the families which were shut up and had not communicated abroad, particularly the nunneries, had been protected from this scourge; which was introduced into some of them by communications with strange persons."

'Before the commencement of this plague, which certain physicians now call a modification of the typhus, the population of Marseilles was estimated at ninety thousand persons. Of these, forty thousand perished; but it spread to Aix, Toulon, and various other places in Provence, and destroyed in all more than eighty thousand persons. If the foregoing narrative does not satisfactorily prove that the disease was propagated from person to person, we know not what will.'

In the plague at Moscow in 1771, which swept off eighty thousand inhabitants, it appears to have abated or increased in proportion as precautions were taken to prevent a communication with the sick, or they were relaxed. When the latter was the case—

'Towards the end of July the mortality amounted to two hundred daily—by the middle of August to four hundred—towards the end of the same month to six hundred—at the beginning of September to seven hundred—some days afterwards to eight hundred, and at length to a thousand. On the evening of the 5th of September the populace rose, broke open the hospitals, put an end to the quarantine, and restored the religious ceremonies used for the sick—the images of saints were carried with great pomp to the sick, and kissed by every one successively; the people, according to ancient custom, embraced the dead, and buried them within the city, declaring that human precautions were odious to the divinity—they hunted down the poor physicians, broke their furniture, and sacked their houses. This riot lasted only a few days, but it was followed by an addition of two or three hundred to the daily mortality—almost all the priests perished.'

This plague committed its greatest ravages among the poor.

'It was communicated,' says Dr. Mer-

tens, 'only by the touch of infected persons or clothes; when we visited the sick we approached them within the distance of a foot, using no other precaution than this, never to touch their bodies, clothes, or beds.' The physicians, who only inspected the patients, generally escaped the disease; but of the surgeons, who were obliged to touch them, two died in the city, and a number of assistant-surgeons in the hospitals. While the disease was raging in the city, the Foundling Hospital afforded a signal example of the salutary effects of seclusion. It contained one thousand children and four hundred adults. All communication with the people was cut off, and the plague never penetrated within the building. One night four attendants and as many soldiers escaped from the hospital. These, on their return, were attacked by the disease, but they were separated from the rest of the house, and it spread no farther. Compare the fate of this establishment with that of the Foundling Hospital at Marseilles; the contrast of the two cases is one of the most striking circumstances on record.'

From the account of the plague at Malta in 1813, we shall quote two very striking anecdotes, strongly corroborative of the existence of contagion in the plague. A family of the name of Borg being suspected to be ill of the plague, were removed to the Lazaretto.

'When Borg's wife was in labour, a midwife, who lived in another part of Valetta where there was no appearance of the plague, was sent for to attend her. She came, and having delivered her patient, returned to her home. Several days having passed without her appearance, one of her kinsmen went to her house and knocked at the door for some time, but no one answered. At length he broke it open, went in, and discovered her on her knees by her bed-side. She did not move, and on shaking her, he found that she was dead. It seems as if the poor creature, feeling the approach of death, had sought refuge in prayer, and had died in the very act and attitude. When the body was sent to the hospital, plague spots were found upon it. Her kinsman, on making this discovery, immediately ran to the committee of health, and stated what he had seen, on which he was not allowed to return to his family, but was sent to the lazaretto, where, on the 17th of May, he was seized with the plague, and died in twenty-four hours.'

As an instance of the efficacy of seclusion, we find that—

'The Augustine convent stands in an airy part of Valetta, near the top of one of the main streets, much above the level of the sea and the greater part of the city, and in a clean and open neighbourhood—its interior accommodations are spacious and airy. When the plague first broke out in Valetta, the strictest precautions were used by the inhabitants of this convent to prevent all communication with the town. At length, however, a servant, contrary to the regulations, went into a part of the town where the disease prevailed, and purchased clothes which were supposed to be infected. Soon after his return he confessed what he had done,

on which he was immediately shut up, together with one of the brotherhood who volunteered to attend him. Both of them were taken ill and died of the disease, but no other person in the convent suffered.

We shall not follow this truly able writer through his arguments on the subject of the plague being contagious, since the facts he adduces we consider sufficient to establish his position: and we doubt not but all our readers will join with him in the following appeal:—

'We call on our legislators, however, before they consent to abolish the system of quarantine, to pause and reflect on the tremendous importance of the stake; to consider that these barriers were built up by our experienced ancestors, and that we have no experience, who are about to pull them down; that the experienced powers of the Mediterranean behold with astonishment the opinions which have been broached in England on the subject, and in consequence of the relaxations to which our government has already consented, have refused to admit our vessels into their ports without a previous quarantine. We beg them to remember how often, in their own families, they act on the supposition of contagion when the evidence amounts only to a probability; and we entreat them to legislate for the nation on the same principles of wise and humane caution which they observe in the regulation of their own establishments. If in the details of the present amended system there be anything vexatious or unnecessarily dilatory, and we are far from saying that there is nothing such, let it receive a still farther consideration, and any remedy be applied, which may appear to be adequate and proper; but we earnestly hope that no individual inconvenience, nor any ingenious speculations, however strongly the one may be pressed, or however plausibly the other stated, will induce our legislature to abandon the principle of quarantine, or introduce any system founded on the belief that the plague is not a contagious disease.'

We have avoided all allusion to Doctor McLean, the great non-contagionist, for we are assured he is as thoroughly convinced of the truth of his theory as Capt. Symmes is that the world is hollow; and that he believes as firmly in the non-contagion of the plague as Mr. Owen does in the virtues of his parallelogram system; but may he not be as much mistaken?

ORIGINAL POETRY.

HOME.

'Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart, untravell'd, fondly turns to thee!'
LET others boast the splendid joys,
That flourish 'mongst the courtly throng,
Their pleasure is but empty noise,—
'Twill vanish ere the time be long;
But to my mind, more joyous far
Is one word's soft subduing tone,
'Tis, on life's sea, my polar star,—
'Tis home!
Let others boast of shining gold,
Gather'd, by toil, in various ways;
The gold will tarnish, waste, grow old,
All earthly treasure still decays:

Let them the phantom still pursue,
And for it stem the salt sea's foam;
Still to my loadstone I'll be true,—
'Tis home!

What though the mountain's rugged brow
Hangs frowning o'er the murky vale,—
What though 'tis always crown'd with snow,
Though pois'nous air I do inhale—
Yet, to the scene I still will cling,
Nor ever from its precincts roam;
No greater joys the world can bring
Than home!

'Tis not the scene that does enhance
The pleasure that I do enjoy,
Or I'd be subject, then, to chance,
And in my cup should find alloy;—
No, it is something undefin'd,
That in my heart does reign alone,—
It is a spell subdues my mind,—
'Tis home!

O. N. Y.

28th December, 1825.

THE APPEAL OF GREECE TO THE FRENCH.
*A free Translation from the Latin of the Author of Lacon.**

GREECE struggles—rouse thyself, land of the Gaul;
Be thine to shield thy sister land from fall!
Thou, who of heroes countest a long train,
Miltiades' brave offspring don't disdain!
Dost pause till now? thou, who, through war's dread thunder,

Through shatter'd ranks o'er kingdoms rent asunder,
Bright Freedom's laws with bloody toil hast borne!

Whom patriot Louis' sov'reignty doth adorn!
Is't nought, that to our classic founts doth turn

Thy youth, excelling worth in arts or arms to learn?

Deck'd in her spoils, thou canst not heed—less be

Of Greece, who lent those various charms to thee!

To thine own interests thou act'st the foe
If thy Minerva doth in peril go.

By the sweet imagery of our classic page,
In youth thy theme—thy memory in age—

By the charm of our ancient eloquence,
'Gainst Philip's arms ere while a sure defence,
By the heap'd slain which 'cumber Xerxes' flight!

Oh! bravely aid thy brethren in the fight,
Nor let the land ennobled by the fame
Of thousand triumphs, sink without a name!

'Tis your's to manly hearts quick aid to grant—
'Tis our's to have deserved the help we want.

Be no delay! brief is the hero's span—
Each hour a wreath is won—snatch whilst you can!

Hear ye not groans which every where arise,
Whilst hostile preparations fright the skies?
The fashioning of rude arms those sounds declare,

The only tax our barren sands now bear;
The new-made bride her spouse's arms doth bring,

The boy his aged father's bow doth string;
Whilst every maid the battle's risk would scan,

And blushes that she was not born a man—
Quick—help! proclaims the trumpet's martial sound,

The barbarous host are at our portals found.—
Unsheath our swords—'tis glory leads us on;
By victory a splendid palm is won—

* See *The Literary Chronicle*, No. 345.

Our liberty.—We'll trust but to our sabre,
Meet force with force—labour o'ercome by labour—

And thus, if victory be not our lot,
Be it not said—'We have deserved her not!'
So many evils have oppress'd our clime—
Revenge is virtue—clemency a crime.
Stripp'd of our liberty, we'd part with all—
We would prefer the freeman's glorious fall
To dragging on a tedious life enslaving;
Without *that* which alone makes life worth having.

And thou, barbarian Turk, the fetters wear
Thou fondly destin'dst our proud necks to bear;
Thy limbs, submissive, scarce will feel their weight,

Accustom'd to the galling load so late.
For us—be sure fair Greece will only yield,
When no more sons of Greece their arms can wield;

Nor, but as conquerors, will we treat with thee
For shameful peace, unbought by victory!
26th Dec. 1825. * * M.

FINE ARTS.

Half a Dozen Hints in Domestic Architecture, &c. By T. F. HUNT. London, 1825.

THESE Hints, consisting of designs for game-keepers' lodges, hunting-boxes, and buildings intended for similar purposes, belong to that anomalous description of architecture which is generally designated picturesque—more, we presume, from its neglect of symmetry and architectural regularity than from any other reason. We cannot say that we entertain any very strong predilection for works on cottage architecture, which generally possess very little of either picturesque or architectural merit; for, while the designs are too homely and uncouth for the latter, they are too finical and fantastic for the former. They mostly, too, exhibit a great degree of affectation—and the worst species of affectation, that of mawkish simplicity and homeliness. To adopt, with *malice prepense*, all the defects and marks of decay of old buildings, in erecting new ones, appears to us a preposterous taste, and somewhat akin to the extravagant whim of a man, who, because a beggar's attire is more *picturesque* than that of a man of fashion, should choose to copy the patches and tatters of the former in a new suit. Look at Rembrandt's old women,—their tanned, sapless, withered, and wrinkled countenances are the very essence of the picturesque. What artist can gaze on them without admiration? Yet, spite of all the absurd freaks and vagaries of fashion, we never yet found it recorded that, in any age or country, the ladies painted false wrinkles on their faces. If we must have affectation, the affectation of beauty is less absurd than that of deformity—that of excellence more commendable than that of defects.

Among the designs in this volume is one for a game-keeper's house, *supposed* to be erected on the remains of an abbey; we do not deny it considerable picturesque effect, but we do not approve of such pretty puerile *make-believe*—such manufactured modern antiques. Besides, if we must have imitations, we should prefer a copy from some actual structure. It seems, too, to us, that the neglect of external regularity is by no means so favourable to

internal convenience as might be supposed; nay, we even apprehend that, in this respect, a greater sacrifice is made in the picturesque style, than when the architect has scrupulously to adhere to symmetrical arrangement in his elevations. We must, however, do Mr. Hunt the justice to observe, that his designs are superior to the generality of works of this description, and display a considerable degree of feeling for picturesque effect, particularly in his chimneys, which he has rendered striking and pleasing features. As specimens of lithography, the plates are entitled to commendation.

THE DRAMA,

AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE pantomimes are, at this season of the year, the great source of attraction, when at all successful; the theatres, have, however, presented other claims to support. At Covent Garden, some good comedies have been well acted; and among these, *The Bold Stroke for a Wife*, in which Mr. C. Kemble made his first appearance in the character of Colonel Feignwell, and sustained it with great ability. At Drury Lane, Liston has 'enacted more than a man.' This house has received other great acquisitions, during the week, in the persons of Miss Stephens and Mr. Sinclair, who made their first appearance, on Monday, in the *Siege of Belgrade*. They were received on their entry, and throughout the performance, with immense applause. The Italian Opera House will open to-morrow (Saturday) evening.

Paul Pry.—It has not, we believe, been observed by any journalist, that the principal plot of this dramatic piece is borrowed from *Le Vieux Célibataire* of Collin-Harleville. Like Witherington, Dubriage is tyrannized over by two artful domestics, who have intercepted his nephew's letters. Mrs. Subtle is faithfully copied from the prototype in the original piece; and nearly all the minor details of this part of the drama are the same. We do not mention this circumstance from any wish to detract from the merit of Mr. Poole, who has so skilfully adapted the piece to our stage; but because it is somewhat singular that the copy should neither have been avowed by him, nor pointed out by any one else, the original being so well known to the admirers of the French dramas: had it been an obscure or forgotten production, we should not have been surprised at its not being recognised in its present form. The character of Paul Pry, which the author has engrafted on the French stock, and which he has with so much ability made to contribute to the denouement of the plot, sufficiently rescues him from the imputation of being a mere copier or an awkward plagiarist. We must observe, too, that there is some originality, at least, in the idea of representing curiosity as a male rather than a female failing. We wish, however, that the author would marry his hero, and give a pair of Prys. Paul would make an excellent husband, as his curiosity, great as it is, would never render him troublesome at home.

LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

SCIENTIFIC VIEWS OF THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

MR. QUINCY ADAMS, the president of the United States, is known to be attached to literary pursuits, and although his first message to the Senate and House of Representatives, which arrived on Wednesday, does not display any peculiar merit as a literary composition, yet it evinces the partiality of the president to literary and scientific objects, and his anxiety to promote them.

In this message the president says, 'Almost the first, perhaps the very first instrument for the improvement of the condition of men is knowledge; and to the acquisition of much of the knowledge adapted to the wants, the comforts, and enjoyments of human life, public institutions and seminaries of learning are essential.' Mr. Adams then alludes to Washington, who in his addresses to the Congresses, with whom he co-operated, 'earnestly recommended the establishment of seminaries of learning;' and after expressing a regret that an university has not been established in the city of Washington, the president thus proceeds:—

'In assuming her station among the civilized nations of the earth, it would seem that our country had contracted the engagement to contribute her share of mind, of labour, and of expense, to the improvements of those parts of knowledge which lie beyond the reach of individual acquisition, and particularly to geographical and astronomical science. Looking back to the history only of the half century since the declaration of our independence, and observing the generous emulation with which the governments of France, Great Britain, and Russia, have devoted the genius, the intelligence, the treasures of their respective nations, to the common improvement of the species in these branches of science, is it not incumbent upon us to inquire, whether we are not bound by obligations of a high and honourable character, to contribute our portion of energy and exertion to the common stock? The voyages of discovery, prosecuted in the course of that time, at the expense of those nations, have not only redounded to their glory, but to the improvement of human knowledge. We have been partakers of that improvement, and owe for it a sacred debt, not only of gratitude, but of equal or proportional exertion in the same common cause. Of the cost of these undertakings, if the mere expenditure or outfit, equipment, and completion, of the expeditions were to be considered the only charges, it would be unworthy of a great and generous nation to take a second thought. One hundred expeditions of circumnavigation, like those of Cook and La Perouse, would not burden the exchequer of the nation fitting them out, so much as the ways and means of defraying a single campaign in war; but, if we take into the account the lives of those benefactors of mankind, of which their services in the cause of their species were the purchase, how shall the cost of those heroic enterprises be estimated? And what compensation can be made to them, or to their countries for them? It is not by

bearing them in affectionate remembrance? It is not still more by imitating their example; by enabling countrymen of our own to pursue the same career, and to hazard their lives in the same cause?'

The president next recommends expeditions to explore the interior of the United States, and the whole north-west coast of that continent. Alluding to astronomical discovery, he says.—

'Connected with the establishment of an university, or separate from it, might be undertaken the erection of an astronomical observatory, with provision for the support of an astronomer, to be in constant attendance and observation upon the phenomena of the heavens; and for the periodical publication of his observations. It is with no feeling of pride, as an American, that the remark may be made, that on the comparatively small territorial surface of Europe, there are existing upwards of one hundred and thirty of these light-houses of the skies; while throughout the whole American hemisphere there is not one. If we reflect a moment upon the discoveries, which in the last four centuries, have been made in the physical constitution of the universe, by means of these buildings, and of observers stationed in them, shall we doubt of their usefulness to every nation? And while scarcely a year passes over our heads without bringing some new astronomical discovery to light—which we must fain receive at second-hand from Europe, are we not cutting ourselves off from the means of returning light for light, while we have neither observatory nor observer upon our half of the globe, and the earth revolves in perpetual darkness to our unsearching eyes?'

Mr. Rowbotham intends to publish, speedily, a Practical Grammar of the French Language, illustrated by copious examples and exercises, selected from the most approved French writers.

New Comet.—A comet, considerably larger than that of 1811, has been seen among the constellations towards the South Pole.

The daily papers are teeming with such long accounts of antiquities dug up in London, of Roman origin, that it would seem as if they had some doubts of the invasion of Cæsar, or that the city was once a Roman colony. Some of the collectors, too, are turned phrenologists, and find by a skull, four hundred years old, that it displays evidence of royalty and legitimacy; but not until they had determined it to be the skull of John Holland, duke of Exeter, who was of the blood royal of England.

Geography has just sustained a new loss. The Chevalier Barbie du Bocage, Member of the Academy of Inscriptions and *belles lettres*, Geographer to the Department for Foreign Affairs, Professor to the Faculty of Letters to the Academy of Paris, died a few days since, of a fit of apoplexy. He had sustained many attacks during the last three or four weeks, but he was thought perfectly convalescent. The Atlas of the voyage of Anacharsis established his reputation. He continued through the whole of his life to study the topography of Greece, and ge-

nerally of classic lands. He must have left valuable notes behind him. He was between 65 and 66 years of age. Two of his sons are successfully treading in the steps of their father.

New Measures.—There are, upon the best calculation, 1,800,000 ale and beer measures in the city and suburbs of London; of these, 49,040 pots have been stamped at the Measure Office, from the 28th of November to the 31st of December. There have been stamped 2660 great wine measures, 3268 pints, and 9495 small measures, and other measures—in the whole 22,992. The new standard are about one-sixth larger than the old wine measures, and one-sixtieth smaller than the old beer measures. The new dry measure is about one-thirty-second part larger than the old.

THE BEE,

OR, FACTS, FANCIES, AND RECOLLECTIONS.

Bon Mot.—A gentleman being about to carve a leg of mutton, asked his guest if he should cut it *saddlewise*—‘You had better,’ he said, ‘cut it *bridlewise*, then there will be a bit for the mouth.’

Lord Erskine having made a most brilliant speech on some occasion, at the Crown and Anchor, was met the next day by a learned brother, who, after complimenting him on his success, observed, that though delighted, enraptured, by the speech when listening to it, yet, strange to say, he (the auditor) had not carried off a single idea,—he could not even call to mind what it was about. Erskine throwing himself into an attitude expressive of admiration, replied, “Nor, to tell you the truth, do I retain a trace of it; it was the fragrance of the rose, lost as soon as shed.”

WEEKLY METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Day of the Month.	8 o'clock Morning.	1 o'clock Noon.	11 o'clock Night.	Barom. 1 o'clock Noon.	Weather.
Dec. 30	33	34	34	29 75	Fair.
.... 31	28	32	33	.. 79	Do.
Jan. 1	39	41	42	.. 82	Cloudy.
.... 2	38	41	34	.. 87	Fair.
.... 3	33	35	34	.. 90	Do.
.... 4	34	36	35	.. 91	Cloudy.
.... 5	35	36	36	.. 87	Sleet.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We have mislaid the address of H—t L—s, who complains of our inattention; if, however, he will send to our office, he will find a letter for him, which we trust will be deemed satisfactory.

Imlah in our next.

The Spaniard's Lament in an early number.

The Poetical Fable has been received, but we fear we cannot promise its insertion.

Works just published.—Janus, Edinburgh Literary Almanack, post 8vo 12s.—The Naval Sketch-Book, 2 vols. post 8vo. 18s.—Sabbath Muse, 12mo. 2s. 6d.—Ellis's Laws of Customs, 8vo. 21s.—Sephora, a Hebrew Tale, 2 vols. 14s.—Life of Lord Herbert of Chertbury, 8vo. 12s.—Summer's Sermons, 12mo. 6s., 8vo. 10s. 6d.

This paper is published early on Saturday, price 6d.; or 10d. if post free. Country and Foreign Readers may have the unstamped edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

London: published by Davidson, 2, Surrey Street, Strand, where advertisements are received, and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Booker, 23, Fore Street; Ray, Creed Lane; Richardson, Cornhill; Hughes, 15, St. Martin's-le-Grand; Chapple, Pall-Mall; Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin & Co., Glasgow; and by all Booksellers and News-venders.—Printed by Davidson, Serle's Place, Carey Street.

TO THE LOVERS OF MIRTH.

Illustrated with a splendid Portrait of his Majesty, and twenty humorous Designs by Cruikshank. Dedicated to the King.

THE PUNSTER'S POCKET-BOOK;

Containing the Cream of all the Good Puns from Swift, Sheridan, and Delany, to Rogers, Hook, Dubois, Dibdin, the Smiths, and R. Peake, with a rich Selection of real Norbury Puns, pure as imported.

By BERNARD BLACKMANTLE, Esq. Author of the English Spy, Editor of the Spirit of the Public Journals, &c. &c. Post 8vo. printed in the very first style of typographical excellence, by Thomas Davison. Cloth boards, gilt and lettered, price 10s. 6d.

Published by Sherwood, Gilbert, and Piper, Paternoster Row.

AERIAL MACHINE.—Friends to Phil-

osophy are most respectfully informed, that a Model (invented by Schoenherr) is nearly formed for their contemplation, and its utility cannot be doubted. By its internal and exterior Powers it will rise into the Air as the Eagle, with the desirable result, above all former aerostation, of directing its course to any given point; if a storm arise, it will descend pro tempore, and afterwards resume its voyage.

Gentlemen inclined to investigate this Machine are requested to signify the same, with their address, post paid, for T. C. G. Schoenherr, Star Coffee House, Crown Street, Finsbury.

Just published by Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh; and sold by John Murray, Albemarle Street, London, in one vol. post 8vo. containing 550 closely-printed pages, 12s. boards.

JANUS; or, THE EDINBURGH LITERARY ALMANACK.

To be published annually. The publication of this Work has, from circumstances not likely to occur again, been deferred considerably beyond the time intended. In future years the volume will be produced in the first week of November. The Editor has the satisfaction to state, that he has received every assurance of steady and efficient assistance from the distinguished Literary Characters who have contributed to the present volume.

MUSICAL NOVELTY.

Just published, by T. Lindsay, 217, Regent Street; and Clementi and Co. 26, Cheapside;

THE MELOGRAPHICON, an entirely new and highly interesting Musical Work, by which an Interminable Number of Melodies may be produced, and Amateurs who have a taste for writing Poetry enabled to set their verses to Music, in a variety of Measures, for the VOICE and PIANO FORTE, without the necessity of a scientific knowledge of the Art. Price One Guinea, complete, in boards; or separately, in two books, at 12s. and 10s. 6d. each.

This very ingenious work requires no preparatory study, and being equally adapted to juvenile or matured capacities, is strongly recommended as an eligible CHRISTMAS PRESENT, or NEW YEAR'S GIFT to Young People, by whom, during the long nights of the approaching Winter, it will be found an endless source of amusement.

Five Specimen Songs, composed from 'The Melographicon,' are published separately, as a test of its capabilities, price only 2s. for the five.

* T. Lindsay has recently published a great variety of New Flute Music.

†† Prospectuses gratis.

This day is published, in four vols. 12mo. price £1 4s. boards.

EUSTACE FITZ-RICHARD, a Tale of the Barons' Wars, by the Author of the Bandit Chief, or Lords of Urvino.

Printed for A. K. Newman and Co. Leadenhall Street.

Where may be had, published this Winter—**ABBOT of MONTERRAT**, a Romance, two vols. 10s. 6d.

WILLOUGHBY, by the Author of Decision, &c. two vols. 12s.

HERALINE, by L. M. Hawkins, 2d edition, four vols. 8vo. £1. 12s.

SPANISH DAUGHTER, by Mrs. Sherwood, two vols. 8vo. 16s.

DISCARDED SON, by Regina Maria Roche, 2d edition, five vols. £1. 10s.

HENRY, by Richard Cumberland, 4th edition, four vols. £1. 2s.

MIDNIGHT BELL, by Francis Lathom, 2d edition, three vols. 15s.

GEORGE BARNWELL, by T. Surr, 5th edition, three vols. 16s. 6d.

THE PANTOCHRONOMETER.—This

Instrument combines amusement with instruction; and hence it is eminently adapted to improve the juvenile mind. Its elegance of construction and scientific utility render it peculiarly suitable for a New Year's Gift or Christmas Present to the Youth of either Sex.—Sold, retail, at Opticians, Fancy Repositories, Stationers, &c.; and wholesale, by Charles Essex and Co., 28, Gloucester Street, Clerkenwell, London.

* The Pantochronometer is one of those clever little philosophical instruments, which may be said to have multum in parvo, and the invention of which does credit to the ingenuity of modern science. It is at once a curious and useful thing. We must say it is a very neat and useful production.—Lit. Gaz., 24th Dec.

On Monday last was published, price 5s. No. VII. being Vol. IV. Part I of

THE PHILOMATHIC JOURNAL, and

LITERARY REVIEW conducted by the Members of the Philomathic Institution. (continued Quarterly) Containing, LECTURES:—On Ethics—On the English Language. POEMS:—The Battle of Jena—Astrea, Canto VII.—The Voice of Death—Noah, Part I. &c. ESSAYS:—On Taste—Sketches on some Modern Opinions in Political Economy—Principal Causes of the Darkness of the Middle Ages—Influence of Marriage on Literary Pursuits. DISCUSSIONS:—Was the Suppression of the Knights Templars occasioned by the Crimes of the Order?—Are Fairs injurious to the Morals of the Lower Orders?—Does the Extension of Science diminish the Empire of Imagination? REVIEWS:—Southey's Tale of Paraguay—Stuart and Revett's Antiquities of Athens—History of Origins—Richardson's Poetic Hours—The Negro's Memorial—Spirit of the Age—Reine Canziani, a Tale of Modern Greece—Weekly Periodicals—Time's Telescope, &c.

N. B. Back Numbers may yet be had.

Published by Longman and Co. Paternoster Row.

SPLENDID NEW YEAR'S GIFT.

This day is published, by Hurst, Robinson, and Co., 5, Waterloo Place, price 12s.

THE LITERARY SOUVENIR; or,

Cabinet of Poetry and Romance, for 1826. Edited by ALARIC A. WATTS. With numerous splendid Engravings, by Rolls, Goodall, Heath, W and E. Finden, Thomson, &c.; from Original Paintings and Drawings by Leslie, Newton, Turner, Dewint, Wright, Corbould, &c.

* The Literary Souvenir, produced by Mr. Watts for the ensuing year, is the most able and finished work of its kind that has ever come under our notice. The embellishments, considering the scale to which they are necessarily confined, are perhaps, with one or two exceptions, models of excellence; and their beauty is, for the most part, in perfect keeping with the many gems of poetry by which they are surrounded.—Monthly Review.

* Mr. Watts has again succeeded in producing a very delightful volume, and may justly pride himself both upon the literary merit and the embellishments of his publication. To enumerate the contributors would be to name many of the most distinguished names among our modern writers. Nothing can exceed the engravings by Finden and Rolls from the well-known pictures of Leslie and Newton, entitled "The Rivals," and "The Lover's Quarrel," and the view of "Bolton Abbey," by Turner.—New Monthly Magazine.

* Several of the plates are perfect gems in art. "Richmond Hill," by E. Goodall, from Turner; "The Rivals," by W. Finden, from Leslie's picture exhibited under that title; "The Forsaken," by C. Heath, from a picture by Newton; and others, are specimens of engravings on a small scale, such as we have seldom seen equalled, and certainly never surpassed. Of these we can convey no sufficient idea to our readers; but of the value attached to them, we can afford a criterion by saying, truly, that we would willingly pay the price of the book for good impressions of the three prints we have just specified.—Literary Gazette.

* Invidious as is the task to distinguish among competitors where all are excellent, justice compels us to pronounce the Literary Souvenir for 1826 the most delightful of all the annual volumes upon the same plan which have lately sprung up in English literature. The embellishments are really of the most magnificent description.—St. James's Chronicle.

* This is one of the most elegant little volumes we have ever seen from the press of any country.—News of Literature.

* A few copies of the Work have been printed in 8vo. with brilliant impressions of the plates on India paper; for which, as the greater part are already bespoke, an early application is desirable.